

FIFTY CENTS *

JULY 11, 1969

TIME



THE SEX
EXPLOSION



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Is he old enough to vote for the things he's old enough to fight for?



Is it fair to ask young Americans to defend our democratic system when they still can't legally participate in its most fundamental process — voting? A lot of people in this country believe it isn't.

They argue that when legal school age ends, legal adulthood should begin, for both male and female. That some adult privileges and obligations should not be arbitrarily denied and others granted. They think that Americans today are better educated, better informed and better equipped at an earlier age to accept voting responsibilities. But what should that age be? Eighteen? Nineteen?

Many citizens think twenty-one is soon enough. That legal adulthood is best arrived at, as it is now,

in fragments of responsibility. So that youth has time to adjust from growing up to grown up.

The point is, what do you think? Whatever your point of view, the important thing is that you have one. And make it known. In writing. To both your state legislators and your Congressmen in Washington, D.C. Because they rely on your opinions to help formulate legislation.

We hope you'll write your letters on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not... write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Company, East Lake Road, Erie, Pennsylvania, maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 9

SPECTRUM (NET, 8-8:30 p.m.).* "Flying at the Bottom of the Sea" is a journey to the floor of the Atlantic Ocean in *Alvin*, the Navy's minisub designed for deep-sea probes.

Thursday, July 10

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). Irene Dailey stars in Megan Terry's drama *Home*, which is an elevator-size room where nine people live. They were born there, and will be forced to spend their lives there because of overpopulation in a gloomy futuristic world.

Saturday, July 12

BRITISH OPEN (ABC, 10:30 a.m.-noon). The final round, carried live via satellite from the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club in St. Annes on Sea, Lancashire, England.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). International Invitational Swimming and Diving championships from Santa Clara, Calif.

Sunday, July 13

DIRECTIONS (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Frank Reynolds moderates a panel discussion on the influence of mass media. The panel members are Roy Danish, Burns Roper, Bishop J. J. Dougherty and Dr. Alvin Poussaint.

A.A.U. INTERNATIONAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET (CBS, 3:30-4:30 p.m.). Taped highlights of the Hawaiian Invitational from Honolulu.

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). "Black Mood on Campus" as it appears to faculty members and students from several headline-making colleges and universities around the country.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Peter Sellers, George C. Scott and Sterling Hayden deal with the Bomb in *Dr. Strangelove* (1964).

Monday, July 14

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). The economic and social reconstruction of Germany after emerging from the ruins of World War II as seen through the eyes of her people.

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). Billy Wilder's masterpiece *Some Like It Hot* (1959), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, George Raft, Pat O'Brien and Joe E. Brown.

Tuesday, July 15

NBC NEWS SPECIAL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Frank McGee narrates a history of man's space accomplishments and a preview of the Apollo 11 mission. CBS previews the moon shot from 10-11 p.m.

THE LIBERACE SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The Candelabra Kid lights up the first show of his summer series with Guest Stars Jack Benny, the Bachelors, Rolf Harris and Susan Maughan.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The Chicago Picasso: Greatness in the Making" is a documentary on the conception and construction of Picasso's great outdoor sculpture.

* All times E.D.T.

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Sources: Publisher's Estimates, Simmons.

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THEATER

Worn not at all by time or constant airing, Shakespeare doth bedstide the summered continent like a colossus:

AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Stratford, Conn. (through Sept. 14). The comedy *Much Ado About Nothing* is directed by London's Peter Gill in his American debut; *Henry V* has Len Cariou in the title role; while *Hamlet* is a stunning full-length version with Brian Bedford as the prince, Maria Tucci as Ophelia and Morris Carnovsky as Polonius. For variety, Chekhov makes a premier appearance at this festival in a supple staging of *The Three Sisters*.

STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Stratford, Ont. (through Oct. 11). The tortured prince, played by Kenneth Welsh, visits his laments upon Canadian audiences; and to brighten things a bit, *Measure for Measure* metes out the laughter. Molière's *Tartuffe* and Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* alternate with them. On the Avon Theater's proscenium stage at Downie Street, the offering for July is *Sayreicon*, an original burlesque by Tom Hendry, based on the writings of Petronius, with music by Stanley Silverman; and for August, Peter Luke's *Hadrian VII*.

CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, University of Vermont Arena Theater, Burlington (July 22-Aug. 30). The professional repertory group will present *The Winter's Tale*, *Othello* and *Richard III*.

SHAKESPEARE SUMMER FESTIVAL, Washington, D.C. (July 9-Aug. 24). A modern rock musical version of *As You Like It* will be performed outdoors at the Sylvan Theater on the grounds of the Washington Monument.

GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Lakewood Civic Auditorium, Lakewood, Ohio. Here a more traditional *As You Like It* features Maria Lennard, formerly of the Bristol Old Vic company, as Rosalind (July 9-15); *Macbeth* and his extremely active wife are played by Britishers Stephen Scott and Maureen Harley (July 17-27); and *Troilus and Cressida* stars Scott as Hector (Aug. 14-Sept. 11). A Shavian touch is added by *Candida* with Celeste Holm and Wesley Addy (July 31-Aug. 23).

MINNESOTA THEATER COMPANY, Tyrone Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis (through Sept. 17). The company will include *Julius Caesar* in its repertory, giving Director Edward Payson Call a chance to transform Shakespeare's play into a universal parable of the perils of leadership, as Rome becomes a metaphor for an existing political and climatic hot spot (possibly Latin America). Robert Pastene plays Caesar, Allen Hamilton betrays him, and Charles Keating buries him.

COLORADO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Mary Rippon Theater, Boulder (Aug. 1-17). *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Henry VI* (Part 3).

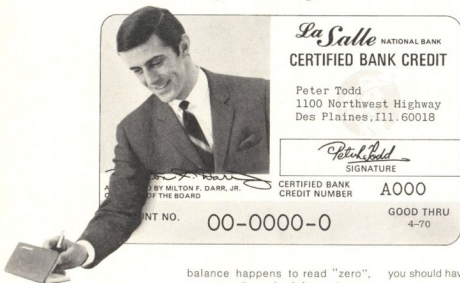
NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL GROUP, Old Globe Theater, San Diego (through Sept. 14). *Macbeth* with Richard Easton and Sada Thompson, *Julius Caesar* with Tom Toner and *The Comedy of Errors* with Christopher Walken and Laurence Guittard as the Antipholus twins share the summer months.

CALIFORNIA SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Los Gatos (through Sept. 28). *Twelfth Night*, *Richard III*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *King Lear* are the choices.

MARIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, San Rafael (July 17-Sept. 27). Offerings are *A Mid-*

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summer *Night's Dream*, *Richard II* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, played Thursdays through Saturdays.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, New Zellerbach Auditorium (July 8-13), Tony Richardson's production of *Hamlet* stars Nicol Williamson.

OREGON SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL, Ashland (July 19-Sept. 7), *The Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night* and *King John* are the varied fare of the Elizabethan theater's 29th season. *Virtue in Danger*, an updated romantic musical escapade revived from the 17th century by Screenwriter-Lyricist Paul Dehn and Composer James Bernard, will serve as the matinee, a light after-lunch *petite farce*.

CINEMA

TRUE GRIT. John Wayne, 62, gallops off into his sunset years as Rooster Cogburn, a one-eyed federal marshal with an indiscriminate passion for justice, bullets and booze. The rest of the cast are only props to support the Duke in his best performance in a decade.

RING OF BRIGHT WATER and MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. *Ring* tells the story of a London accountant and his pet otter; *Mountain* is about a Canadian youth who leaves his home for the mountains. Both films are worth leaving home for an evening's entertainment.

WINNING. The husband-and-wife team of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman has to struggle with a one-cylinder plot. But the tale of marital infidelity—set against the background of auto racing—spitters to life in occasional scenes.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Under the direction of John Schlesinger, Jon Voight, as a Texas drifter, and Dustin Hoffman, as a Bronx loner, make a genuinely moving picture out of one of the least likely and most melancholy love stories in the history of American film.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Nicol Williamson gives a powerful performance as a wealthy blind Englishman who is obsessed by a lustful usherette (Anna Karina). The script and Tony Richardson's direction are as blackly comic as the Nabokov novel from which the film was adapted.

POPI. A Puerto Rican widower (Alan Arkin) struggles to get his two sons out of *el barrio*, the New York ghetto. The film is comic, bright and, now and then, powerfully angry.

THE WILD BUNCH is Director Sam Peckinpah's way of telling the truth while preserving the legend of the West. His bandits, led by William Holden, are drawn by their own peculiar code of honor into a bloody finish that surpasses *Bonnie and Clyde* for violence.

THE FIXER. John Frankenheimer's newest film is the harrowing and moving chronicle of a Jewish handyman battling prejudice and degradation in czarist Russia. Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm perform with passion and compassion.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Richard Benjamin and Al MacGraw act with skill and candor in this film adaptation of the Philip Roth novella. The sexual frankness, the Jewish skepticism and the Roth dialogue are there, but the film too frequently mistakes burlesque for social comment.

THE FOOL KILLER and THE BOYS OF PAUL STREET. Youth is the focal point of both films. In *The Fool Killer* a twelve-year-old orphan runs away from his guardians—an adventure that brings him to the beginning of maturity. *The Boys of Paul*

Street uses the classroom as a microcosm to provide a glimpse into the irretrievable era when student protest took the form of whispers in a corridor.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE YEAR OF THE YOUNG REBELS, by Stephen Spender. Mingling on the barricades with American and European student radicals, the Old Left poet and veteran of Spanish Civil War politics reports humanely on New Left ideals and spirit.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. A former New York Times staffer takes his readers far behind the bylines for a gossip analysis of the workings and power struggles at the nation's most influential newspaper.

CRAZY OVER HORSES, by Sam Toporoff. "Horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses," the old song goes. Less repetitive but equally obsessed, the author has transformed a lifelong weakness for the ponies into an oddly winning novel-memoir.

WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, I THINK, by L. Woiwode. A young couple expecting a baby embark on a seemingly idyllic honeymoon in the Michigan woods and discover terror in paradise. A remarkable first novel.

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES, by Jane Jacobs. Operating as curmudgeon and gadfly, but with a love of cities that overshadows mere statistics, the author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* explores the financial aspects of growth and decay in urban centers.

THE RUINED MAP, by Kobo Abe. In this psychological whodunit by one of Japan's best novelists (*The Woman in the Dunes*, *The Face of Another*), a detective turns a search for a missing husband into a metaphysical quest for his own identity.

ADA, by Vladimir Nabokov. A long, lyric fairy tale about time, memory and the 83-year-long love affair of a half-sister and half-brother by the finest living writer of English fiction.

PICTURES OF FIDELMAN, by Bernard Malamud. Yet another *schlemiel*, but this one is canonized by Malamud's compassionate talent.

Best Sellers

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (1 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (2)
3. *Ada*, Nabokov (3)
4. *The Godfather*, Puzo (4)
5. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (6)
6. *Sloughhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (5)
7. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (7)
8. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton
9. *Bulliet Park*, Cheever (9)
10. *The Vines of Yarrabee*, Eden

FICTION

1. *Jennie*, Martin (4)
2. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (2)
3. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (3)
4. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
5. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (6)
6. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (5)
7. *Lillian Gish: The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me*, Gish and Pinchot
8. *A Long Row of Candles*, Sulzberger (8)
9. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (10)
10. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (7)

NONFICTION

1. *Jennie*, Martin (4)
2. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (2)
3. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (3)
4. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
5. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (6)
6. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (5)
7. *Lillian Gish: The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me*, Gish and Pinchot
8. *A Long Row of Candles*, Sulzberger (8)
9. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (10)
10. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (7)

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Plus the highlights of the flights of Scott Carpenter, Wally Schirra and Gordon Cooper; the two-man Gemini flights; Ed White's walk in space; the spacecraft rendezvous of Gemini 6 and 7; the incredibly precise docking maneuvers executed by Scott and Armstrong in Gemini 8; the first orbit of the moon by Borman, Lovell and Anders; the Christmas Eve prayer radioed back to earth by Borman (NASA has already received over 18,000 requests for copies).

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Voices You Will Hear

The astronauts: Al Shepard, Gus Grissom, John Glenn, Scott Carpenter, Wally Schirra, Gordon Cooper, Deke Slayton, John Young, Jim McDivitt, Ed White, Pete Conrad, Frank Borman, Jim Lovell.

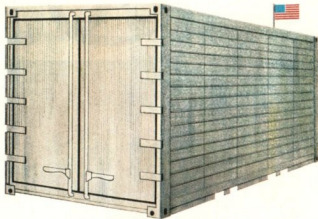
Also Tom Stafford, Neil Armstrong, David Scott, Gene Cernan, Mike Collins, Dick Gordon, Buzz Aldrin, Roger Chaffee, Donn Eisele, Walt Cunningham and Bill Anders.

Special pre-publication price **\$19⁹⁵**

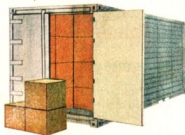
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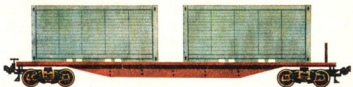
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At the port it is lifted from the flatcar and swung aboard a ship especially designed to carry containers. (Bethlehem is right now building two container ships of latest design.) Now our box is a mini-hold sailing safely to its overseas destination, where it once again becomes a boxcar, or a trailer, or both. (No matter what, steel still protects the cargo.)

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LETTERS

Bleeding the Sick

Sir: "The Ideology of Fed-Upness" (June 27) should sound a warning to our political leaders, especially those who can influence U.S. policy on taxation. Continuing the surtax and increasing sales taxes is very like the medical practice of bleeding the sick in George Washington's day. When our body politic is sick from war and urban blight, we bleed the middle-class that is its life force, while privilege and "the caissons go rolling along."

MRS. W. CORWIN CHASE

Vaughn, Wash.

Sir: You describe Senator John Marchi as a political nobody. Doesn't TIME know that in 1969 nobody is a nobody? Would you describe someone as a black nobody, or a Vietnamese nobody, or a Pentagon nobody? How about a journalistic nobody?

I know John Marchi, and he is somebody. John Lindsay is somebody else. And Proccaccio is something else.

ROBERT H. NUTT

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir: In response to his clear rejection by the members of his own party, John Lindsay chastized New Yorkers for allowing their city to be "captured by the forces of reaction and fear." Reaction? We're reacting, all right—to streets that are dirtier, to air that is fouler, to a public-school system breaking down at almost every level, to a three-year 100% increase in the number of persons on welfare and to skyrocketing taxes levied in order to keep the whole mess of an incompetent administration "moving." Afraid? Who is? Every ten hours in our "fun" city, there is one murder, two rapes, 32 assaults, 62 robberies, 88 car thefts, 198 burglaries and 170 thefts. Three years of Lindsay and there are almost 300 more murders annually than in 1965, 45,000 more robberies and 120,000 more burglaries. We're not afraid—we're terrified.

CHARLES J. MYSAK

Brooklyn

Enjoyable Retreat

Sir: The British monarchy may well be a contemporary "retreat to Camelot" (June 27), but it is a far more enjoyable adventure than that provided by the droll leadership of most Western republics. At least the monarchy, for all of its faults, gives us some relief from the total lack of style of most of today's politicians.

ANTHONY J. SHORT, S.J.

Chantilly, France

Sir: You write: "By any standard of rational judgment, the monarchy, of course, is no longer necessary. However, there is a difference between a nation's rational and emotional needs." Presumably, the emotional needs of the U.S. are satisfied by having Princess Kay of the Milky Way, the Cherry Blossom Queen, the Queen of the Snows, the Raspberry Queen, the Rose Bowl Queen and thousands of other pseudo-royalty.

GWEN KINGMAN

Wayzata, Minn.

Sir: I believe the day is not too far distant when the English people will, in effect, paraphrase Kipling by saying:

*The tumult and the shouting rises
Let captains and the kings depart.*

R. M. TREE

Port Huron, Mich.

Sir: Political graft, corruption in your judiciary, race riots, the burning of your own country's flag in public, the murder of prominent citizens including your own President, drug addiction—you name it and you've got it. No thanks; we'll keep our Royal Family and all the decadence that goes with it. You keep your Black Panthers and the almighty dollar.

JAMES E. S. RUSBRIDGER

London

My Brother, My Friend, My Neighbor

Sir: Three cheers to you for printing "One Man's Battle" (June 20). Arthur Jaramillo is the universal soldier; he is my brother, my best friend, my next door neighbor and a victim of circumstance. His frustration is more than warranted; his courage is more than remarkable; his loneliness is more than any of us can imagine. The pathos of his words only further substantiates the verity that war creates rather than solves problems. That "some day it will all be over" is indeed a reflection belonging to the ages.

NEVILLE STRUMPF

Selkirk, N.Y.

Germs in Space

Sir: How comforting to know that at last we may be able to stop worrying about the population explosion—if an organism from the moon returns to infect our earth's people (June 13) and takes care of this problem for us. I know planning ahead is not one of the U.S.'s virtues; but in this case, America should get with it.

CELIA S. SCHRADER

Miami

Sir: So—what about the other side of the coin? Even as an uninformed layman, I am willing to bet that our germs will make theirs look sick. Are we going to do to the moon what we did to the American Indians, decimating with our decadent germs whatever forms of life it has? (I write this while wiping the tears from my eyes from the newest variety of our L.A. smog.)

What about picking the mote out of our own eye and making sure our hero astronauts do not go around contaminating the moon and/or the rest of outer space?

VIVIAN D. CARROLL

Los Angeles

Child of Versailles

Sir: Your review of Richard Watt's *The Kings Depart* (June 27) helps to perpetuate, as does Watt himself, the folk myth that the Versailles Treaty "burdened" and otherwise victimized the postwar Germany of the twenties.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was on the treaty-making scene as an official observer, lamented the fact that Versailles was too soft, and would teach Germany nothing about war. The failure was compounded when the Allied governments neglected to enforce the disarmament and other important treaty provisions.

Militaristic Germany was never in her history more sternly dealt with than in 1945-46 (and subsequently), when her war criminals were hanged, her generals divorced from their war sports, her industry dismantled for reparations and her country split and occupied. Yet today Western Germany is fat and happily prosperous beyond the dreams of her victim nations. In 1919 we spared the rod and spoiled the child—and a vicious child it turned out to be.

CHARLES DeLACY

Chicago

Don't Be Squeamish

Sir: I too have seen *Oh! Calcutta!* (June 27). If your critic found it to be a "rousing celebration of the body beautiful," why did your picture editor use an air brush on the photograph of nudes accompanying the story? And if "quadrilaterals beginning with the letters f, c and s" are here considered to be more "festive than aggressive," why not spell out the festive words? When you open a can of worms, you should not be squeamish.

E. WARREN SMITH

Manhattan

Sir: It is indeed paradoxical that in a society that places such a premium on all sorts of privacy—private swimming pool, private entrance, private patio, private terrace, etc.—one nevertheless would turn one's bosom into a community chest. Could all this nudity be overcompensation for all the other privacy with its resulting isolation which affluence provides?

NEERA BARVÉ

Silver Spring, Md.

Sir: That play where everyone covets around with their clothes off is supposed to "liberate" our minds or something? Most of our critics and intellectuals have been going around with their minds unbuttoned for some time. These naive pundits should take Dr. Freud's advice to Lorelei Lee (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, by Anita Loos). He told her to cultivate a few inhibitions and get some sleep.

DAVID B. SAXTON

Cottage Grove, Ore.

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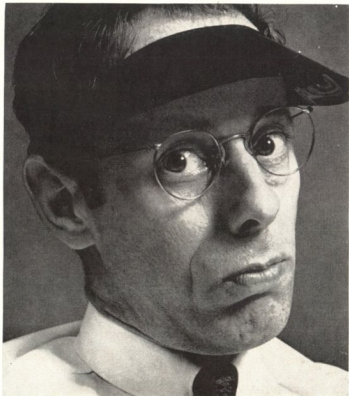
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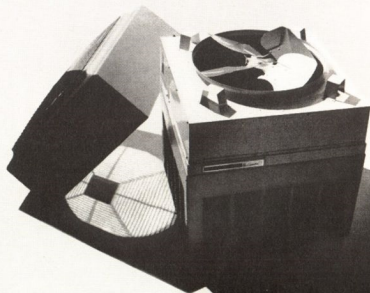
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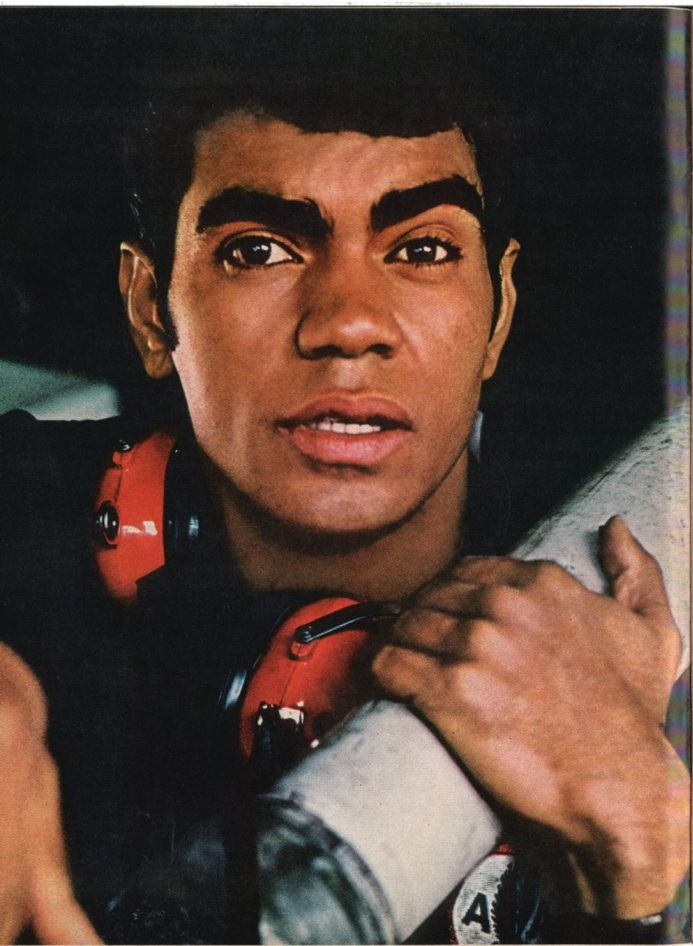
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Fly the American Way. American Airlines

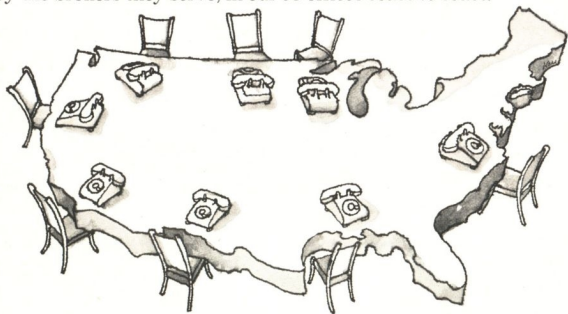
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

THE flag should never be displayed with the union down save as a signal of dire distress." Public Law No. 623, Sec. 4, Par. (a).

On page 50 of this issue, TIME's readers will find an advertisement showing the Stars and Stripes with the union down. But the message is not one of distress. It is, instead, an unusual plea for a generous sort of patriotism. It also offers the little-known story of how and why the Danes have been celebrating our Fourth of July for the past 57 years. The ad is the work of a smallish New York agency, Savitt Tobias Balk, Inc., whose concern in this case is to sell not a product but an idea.

In 1922, TIME's founders believed that ideas should actually leap off the page into the reader's mind, and the editors continue to live by that notion. TIME's advertisers, too, have tried to tell their stories with verve and vibrancy. But we wondered what might happen if an advertising agency could feel free to talk about anything it chose—to turn its creative energy loose on any topic except a product.

To find out, we invited the nation's agencies to be the guests of 50 weeks. Each week for 50 weeks, TIME will run free of charge a full-page ad and an adjoining column prepared by an agency on any subject of its choosing, whether it be the country, the world, peace, poverty, society, itself. The response has been rapid and abundant. One agency launched a contest among its 13 offices around the world. At another agency, the president decided to make sure of the excellence of its offering by doing it himself.

We expect that the subjects discussed will often seem familiar. But we believe that they will be spiced with pungent viewpoints. We hope to see inventive use of the printed page. We hope to be amused, annoyed, brought up short, gain new understanding. Most of all, we expect the unexpected.

The Cover: A three-dimensional illustration by Dennis Wheeler. The work is a fig leaf with a zipper, revealing two cast members of *Oh! Calcutta!*, the latest and most explicit example of theater in the nude. To Wheeler, the three elements—the leaf of Eden, the ubiquitous modern mechanism, the stark young bodies—symbolize the erotic renaissance that is the subject of TIME's story.

The cover is Wheeler's sixth in less than a year. His first was Nov.

TUCKER BRADSHAW



DENNIS WHEELER

8, 1968, illustrating President Johnson's announcement of the bombing halt. The others included France's De Gaulle and the money crisis (Nov. 29, 1968), conglomerates (March 7, 1969), the military under attack (April 11, 1969), and the Communist summit (June 13, 1969). Recently, Wheeler received a copy of this last cover from a cousin working in South Korea. All the leaders' faces had been brushed with ink, though the text remained unchanged. Under Korea's anti-Communist laws, sample copies of magazines must be shown to the Ministry of Culture and Information, which decreed a partial blackout for TIME's 5,000 subscribers there.

INDEX

Cover Story . . . 61

Art	58	Letters	8	People	37
Behavior	52	Listings	2	Religion	48
Books	80	Medicine	38	Science	56
Business	72	Millstones	55	Sport	45
Cinema	79	Modern Living	61	Television	68
Law	51	Music	54	World	25
		Nation	13		



(A tearful tale from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

SAMSON: ...and, furthermore, let me tell you how strong I am. I killed 1,000 Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

MONY MAN: Sir, the MONY actuarial tables show absolutely no correlation between strength and longevity. Unexpected things do happen, you know. Incidentally, have you seen the latest figures on chariot fatalities? Awful! Even with the new safety belts.

SAMSON: Wouldn't own one of today's chariots. They don't make them like they used to. Flimsy. No trade-in value.

MONY MAN: Then you probably ride the public chariots. And when you add a MONY Accidental Death Benefit

clause, should accidental death occur as a result of riding as a passenger in a public conveyance, the benefits are not just double—but triple.

SAMSON: Let's get back to that temple thing. You must admit the odds are pretty heavy against my being conked by a temple.

MONY MAN: One never knows.

Ed. Note: One does know today. Knows that, several years later, after being clipped by Delilah, Samson was conked by a temple. And even though our MONY Man proved right, it pains us to relate that Samson left not one penny in insurance. Which brings us to the moral that follows directly.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 11, 1969

Vol. 94, No. 2

THE NATION

THE WAR: OUT BY NOVEMBER 1970?

FOR months it has been clear that Richard Nixon's prime goal is to get American forces out of Viet Nam. The only questions have been when and how he would withdraw the more than 535,000 Americans and what Communist concessions he might get in return. When former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford put forth his own timetable last month, the President reacted snappishly, declaring that the Administration hoped to move even faster. Many assumed that Nixon spoke out of pique or misjudgment. From every indication last week, however, Nixon not only chose his words deliberately—but meant every one of them.

In a for-your-ears-only discussion with five liberal Republican Senators at the White House, Nixon talked of a nearly complete American withdrawal by November 1970. While the Senators later differed as to whether the President had merely expressed a devout hope or set out a firm plan, they agreed on one point: Nixon is worried that a continuation of the war could destroy Republican candidates in the 1970 midterm congressional elections. Said one participant: "The political objective, the national interest and the desire of the American people all happily coincide."

Pulling the Plug. Clifford's idea, Nixon told the Senators, was really not withdrawal at all, when the fine print was examined. Though more than 200,000 ground combat troops would be taken out by the end of 1970 under the Clifford plan, about 300,000 men in ground, air and naval support units would remain indefinitely thereafter. Without infantry protection, they would be prey to the enemy, totally dependent on South Vietnamese units. This approach is unacceptable to Nixon on both military and political grounds. The implication was that, except perhaps for token remnants, the Nixon plan amounted to total withdrawal. As word of the White House meeting began to get around Capitol Hill, one congressional aide concluded: "Nixon is going to pull the plug. It's just a matter of time."

For all the secrecy that was supposed to surround his thoughts, Nixon must have known that one of the Senators would talk. How much was the President revealing his actual intent, and how much was he attempting to disarm his critics? It could have been a mixture of both. While the negotiations go

on, Nixon obviously has nothing to gain by trumpeting his *quids* before the other side can respond with a *quo* or two. At home, though, Nixon can gain time and patience with hints that the end is in sight.

More certain—and perhaps more mystifying—was the situation on the battlefield. Except for the clash at Ben Het, which ended last week (see *THE WORLD*), there was almost complete silence from the enemy, and American intelligence reported that three North Vietnamese regiments, or about 7,500 men, had been pulled back across the Demilitarized Zone into the North. At a news conference, Secretary of State William Rogers said that "we have had the lowest level of combat activity in Viet Nam for a long time, possibly the whole war." Since the severity of enemy activity has been one of Washington's stated criteria for reducing U.S. forces, Rogers' remarks might be the prelude to an announcement of a second American troop cutback.

American briefing officers in Saigon found themselves in the unusual position of having to walk up to the lectern, pointer in hand, and announce: "Nothing to report today." Last week's

American fatalities were estimated at 150, lowest for any week of 1969 and about 75 below the weekly average for the year.

Along with the letup in fighting came a report by air reconnaissance that far fewer North Vietnamese infiltrators are now starting down the Ho Chi Minh trail into the South. At the same time, Hanoi announced that it would release three American prisoners and allow P.O.W.s remaining in the North to receive packages from home. Both gestures, it was said, were in honor of the anniversary of American independence.

Skepticism and Danger. Was Hanoi saying something in deeds that it could not or would not say in words? Or was it pulling back to regroup for a new offensive? U.S. headquarters in Saigon took the less optimistic view. "Militarily speaking," said one officer, "this is just another low, a lull while the enemy refits and prepares for his next high." In keeping with that skepticism, the U.S. continued to field hundreds of patrols and ambushes of its own. Averell Harriman, Lyndon Johnson's chief negotiator in Paris, contends that the U.S. and South Viet Nam failed to respond to a similar Communist relaxation of ef-



FICKLEN—DALLAS MORNING NEWS

END IN SIGHT



ROGERS AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Everything seems to coincide.

fort last fall. Though the North pulled three divisions from the South after Johnson halted the bombing, Harriman asserts, the U.S. refused to cut down on its battlefield attacks. "Now that there is another lull in the fighting," Harriman told *TIME* Correspondent Herman Nickel last week, "I hope that Ambassador Lodge will be given instructions to find out in private talks whether the present lull is in fact a signal and offer to reduce the level of the violence. This could be done by agreement or by example, and should eventually lead to a cease-fire. I think we had an opportunity last year, and I think we have such an opportunity now."

Military Wisdom. Indeed, the timing would be about right if the North was trying to say something by means of the current lull. It usually takes Hanoi about four weeks to communicate decisions to its dispersed forces in the South. If the eight points that Nixon enunciated in his May 14 speech caused the North Vietnamese Politburo to reconsider its war policy—that was Nixon's intention, of course—a cutback in military activity could not have been brought about until the middle of June. As it happens, this is about the time that the current lull was first noticed.

It was not clear how long the reduced level of fighting would have to continue before the Administration ordered a curb on U.S. forays. It would seem logical that, as long as the enemy is in slack posture, Washington should be willing to experiment with a hold-down on offensive tactics. Conventional military wisdom, of course, argues for maximum pressure as long as the state of war exists. But if such wisdom applied in Viet Nam, the war would have been won long ago.

THE ADMINISTRATION: TENUOUS BALANCE

FOR most of his young Administration, Richard Nixon has seemed the artful juggler, tossing up fragile plates of policy into mischievous air currents. War and inflation threaten to spoil the performance. A Democratic Congress stands ready to harass him. To those who elected him, there are promises to keep; from those who voted against him, there are conflicting demands. He has failed to improve his relations with black Americans, and he has been unable really to placate white Southerners who feel that the pace of integration is too quick. Many intellectuals and journalists anticipate the crash of crockery with glee.

Last week there could be heard in Washington, if not yet a crash, then at least an ominous clattering sound. Ironically, much of the noise came from Nixon's fellow Republicans. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch, who had taken a drubbing a week earlier in the Knowles affair, found himself forced to compromise his strong stand on school desegregation guidelines. That Nixon decision angered liberals of both parties and blacks, as did the Administration's introduction of a transparently weak voting-rights proposal. An affirmative House vote on the income tax surcharge extension bill constituted the week's only victory, and even that presented problems.

Surtax Extension

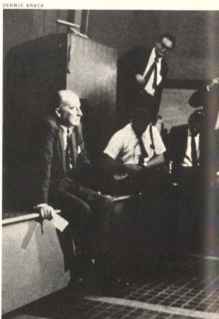
Nixon's cautious conduct of the surtax fight paid off early in the week, when the House on a 210-to-205 vote approved the Administration's bill to continue the levy for a year and repeal the 7% business investment tax credit. The vote appeared closer than the issue actually was; G.O.P. leaders had been assured by many members that their votes were Nixon's if the measure actually faced defeat on the floor. Minority Whip Leslie Arends marched Republicans in from the cloakroom by ones and twos until he had enough votes to put the surtax over the top. One hundred and fifty-four Republicans supported the surtax. Only 56 Democrats went along with the Administration bill.

The victory was a qualified one, however. Nixon was required to do more last-minute, personal lobbying than he has done for any bill so far in his Administration, and he thus incurred obligations that he might later find burdensome. Nor is Senate approval of the tax extension by any means certain. A Senate majority probably cannot be collected unless comprehensive tax reform is coupled with the surtax. Nixon was compelled to promise support for a reform bill this year, but whether a combined bill acceptable to all factions in both houses and the Administration can be worked out quickly is another matter. The temporary extension of the surtax expires July 31.

Desegregation Guidelines

The President steered another wary course on the touchy issue of school-desegregation guidelines. Established by HEW, the guidelines required some Southern school districts that are still segregated to integrate by this fall, the rest by the fall of 1970. The possible punishment for non-compliance is the loss of federal financial assistance. For months, the guidelines had been the subject of an intense debate within the Administration. Conservatives, including Attorney General John Mitchell, favored giving Southern school districts more time to comply. Finch, smarting from his defeat in the Knowles affair, held out for no change.

Pressure also mounted from outside the Administration. The liberal Democratic Study Group urged strong presidential support for existing desegregation timetables. A group of 30 Negroes from four Southern states staged a sit-in demonstration in the Attorney General's office, refusing to leave until Mitchell met with them and asked them to "watch what we do instead of listening to what we say." Republicans who did both opposed any change in compliance schedules. Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller warned Nixon that any letup would "break faith with the black community" and betray officials in those districts that had already complied. G.O.P. Senate Whip Hugh Scott warned of a liberal revolt. Kentucky's Marlow Cook said weakening of the guidelines would be "morally indefensible."



MITCHELL CONFRONTING
Ominous clattering.

The Administration's final decision was a thinly disguised—and less than successful—attempt to make everyone happy. Issued jointly by the HEW and Justice departments, the eleven-page statement sought to mollify the liberals and Negroes by pledging the Administration to the goal of full school integration across the nation—not merely in the South, where the principal enforcement effort has been concentrated until now. At the same time, the new policy will permit districts previously scheduled to comply this fall or next to delay further under certain circumstances. The burden of proving that additional delay is necessary would be on the local district. Although Finch denied that the pace of integration would be slowed, the inescapable fact remained that districts that have been avoiding integration for 15 years—since the 1954 Supreme Court school decision—now have an opportunity to seek additional delay. "Our aim," the statement said, "is to achieve full compliance with the law in a manner that provides the most progress with the least disruption and friction."

Whether that can be achieved remains to be seen. Hundreds of school districts, which include 22% of the black school population of the 17 Southern and Border states, are scheduled to desegregate this fall. Even their full compliance would raise to only 42% the proportion of black pupils attending integrated schools in those states. Roy Wilkins of the N.A.A.C.P. was the first black leader to speak out against the guideline changes. The Administration's decision, he said, "is almost enough to

continued on page 16



NEGRO DEMONSTRATORS
if not yet a crash.

Up at Harry's Place

"I don't drink or smoke, and I only chase one woman," says Harry Shuler Dent, and no one disputes the point. A South Carolina lawyer with brown-green eyes and an aw-shucks manner, Dent, 39, is a devout Baptist, a Sunday-school teacher, a lay preacher and the founder of the Senate staff prayer-breakfast group.

Despite these pieties, Dent is regarded by many liberals as a Southern-fried Rasputin in the Nixon Administration. Whenever the White House seems to drift to the right or placate Southern interests, Presidential Aide Dent is thought to be deeply involved. He was, after all, a close associate of South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond's for many years. When the ultraconservative Thurmond switched to the Republican Party in 1964, Dent followed and was soon G.O.P. state chairman. Now, as a Nixon staff member, Dent is involved in a variety of assignments, but the ones with which he has been most closely identified are magnolia-scented: textile imports, the controversy over discriminatory labor practices in the textile industry, changes in federal enforcement of school integration. Dent is also widely thought to have helped coalesce the opposition to Dr. John Knowles' appointment as an Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Dent softly denies all, saying that he wishes he had a fraction of the power attributed to him. "There's just a bunch of people over there at HEW," he told TIME Correspondent Loye Miller, "who, every time they see something coming they don't like, scream it's ole Strom Thurmond and Harry Dent." He insists that he serves only Richard Nixon, not Strom Thurmond, and that his real duties are mainly mundane matters of political coordination and patronage. One example: to steer Government legal work to Republican lawyers. "When I was practicing back in Columbia, I couldn't get diddly," he recalls. "Well, we're going to see that good Republicans around the country get some of that diddly."

Dent protests too much. While it is often impossible to measure the direct influence of a White House aide on a particular issue, Dent's impact has obviously been growing heavier. He is now Nixon's chief political-liaison man, replacing John Sears. Once an associate in Nixon's law firm, Sears is a New Yorker who has some rapport with the party's liberal wing. In the White House, however, Sears found that he had only limited access to Nixon and that two far more powerful aides, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, undercut his position. Dent has no such problems. He gets on well with Messrs. H. and E. and sees the President frequently. He is a natural contact man for Southern con-

servatives who want to get their views to the Oval Office. As if to symbolize his rising status, he moved his headquarters last week from the Executive Office Building across West Executive Avenue to the White House proper.

Dent's first step toward Nixon's inner circle came during the Miami convention when he abandoned his original support of Ronald Reagan and helped Thurmond keep the South's delegates in line behind Nixon. Summoned to New York last December and offered a deputy counsel's job on the White House staff, Dent immediately ac-



HARRY DENT

cepted without consulting his family back in Columbia, S.C. "I knew what they'd say, so I just didn't give them a chance to argue." His pretty wife, Betty, and four children have remained in Columbia, resigning themselves to fortnightly visits. They probably would not see much more of him if they moved to Washington. Dent's typical workday lasts from 8 a.m. to midnight.

Where these arduous efforts will lead Dent is a matter of conjecture. There has been talk of his returning to South Carolina next year to run for Governor or for the Senate later. For now, despite his complaints about the reports of his influence, he seems to be thoroughly enjoying White House life. These days his tone is sophisticated and statesmanlike: "I recognize that this country is bigger than the South and that the President has to have a stance that's national. The thing that would do me the most harm would be if I took up the South's cause, waved the Confederate flag, and ran all through the White House yelling and being parochial." Whatever flag he waves, Harry Dent manages to do it with discretion.



HEW SECRETARY FINCH
Smarting from defeat.

make you vomit." Senator Jacob Javits warned that the "softening could prove disastrous" and threatened to introduce legislation mandating the completion of desegregation by a given date.

Voting Rights

Javits' threat may be an empty one. Capitol Hill can do little about what is essentially an administrative decision. But Congress is likely to do something about the Administration's voting rights bill. The bill was introduced without prior consultation with congressional leaders, who had already indicated their intention to extend the Southern-focused Voting Rights Act of 1965 for another five years. It would strengthen the present law by barring voter-literacy tests nationwide, although in most states this is not an issue. At the same time, it would undermine the enforceability of the existing law in the South by eliminating the advance Justice Department review of new voting statutes required under the 1965 act. Regarded as a sop to white Southerners who have long opposed civil rights legislation aimed solely at their region, the measure has alienated not only Negroes but a number of important members of Nixon's own party. Ohio's William McCulloch, the House Judiciary Committee's senior Republican, expressed the depth of the disaffection when he said that the Administration proposal "creates a remedy for which there is no wrong and leaves grievous wrongs without adequate remedy."

Faced with such determined opposition, the Administration promptly retreated. Describing the differences over the bill as "just a matter of tactics," House Minority Leader Gerald Ford let it be known that he would move for separate consideration of the Administration and Judiciary Committee proposals. That will virtually ensure passage of the committee bill.

Future Prospects

Viewed solely from Washington, the Administration's tactics appear to many to be thoroughly inept. Factions within the Executive wrangle too long and too publicly before decisions are made. There has been an inability to gauge congressional sentiment. Unless the Nixon voting rights bill, for example, was designed simply as a gesture to the South, with no serious expectation for replacement of the existing legislation, the Administration was misguided to introduce it in the face of predictable bipartisan opposition. On the other hand, whatever the motive, the Republicans can now say to the South that they tried. Indeed, Nixon manages to convey a sense of earnest effort on a number of issues. He is trying to end the war, to curb inflation, to attack organized crime, to tell off campus radicals and other disturbers of the peace.

Thus the view from the country beyond Washington is far more friendly. Last month's Gallup poll reports that 65% of the people approve of the way Nixon has conducted the presidency since taking office. The manner may not be dynamic, and embarrassing mistakes may outnumber the accomplishments so far, but it was F.D.R. who said that a good leader cannot afford to get too far ahead of his followers. That Rooseveltian dictum, at least, Nixon seems happy to accept.

DEFENSE

Pentagon Purgatory

Charges of inefficiency and worse are becoming a serious political problem for the Pentagon, and last week Defense Secretary Melvin Laird attempted to demonstrate that there is some movement toward reform. He named an independent committee to review the big department's management, research, procurement and decision-making operations. He also anticipated complaints of conflicts of interest. The year-long study will be headed by Gilbert W. Fitzhugh, 59, chief executive of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., who is, significantly, a man free of any military-industrial connections.

Chances are that when Fitzhugh begins to look for witnesses, one of the most cooperative and informative will be another Fitz—Arthur E. Fitzgerald. An efficiency expert and auditor at the Pentagon, Fitzgerald has been giving interested Congressmen detailed, inside descriptions of how multibillion-dollar contracts grow between the assignment and delivery dates. Though he has found eager listeners among critics of the military on Capitol Hill, the Pentagon has chosen to treat him as a mildly treasonous pest.

Violated Integrity. Fitzgerald has told a Capitol Hill committee, among other things, that the Air Force paid a \$2 billion cost "overrun" on the C-5A transport plane. He estimated that overruns

on the development of the Minuteman II missiles were "better than \$4 billion." He confirmed earlier rumors that the Pentagon paid \$2.5 billion more than originally anticipated for the avionics of the F-111.

Since he began to testify, Fitzgerald has himself become as much the center of controversy as his revelations. "What's in it for him?" is a question that fascinates both Fitzgerald's friends and his foes. Cynics view him as an empire builder and opportunist who wants to push his own management schemes on his superiors. Those who are anxious to curb military influence call him a patriot, however. Fitzgerald, 42, explains that his "conscience and professional integrity were violated by the sight of the Pentagon's inefficiency and waste."

Reared in Birmingham during the Depression, Fitzgerald became thrift-conscious early. Despite his family's modest circumstances, he managed to graduate from the University of Alabama with an industrial engineering degree. Later he formed his own management-consultant firm called Performance Technology Corp. After doing some military contract work, he was hired by the Pentagon in 1965 and given the title of Deputy to the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Financial Affairs. Fitzgerald says that he took the \$28,000-a-year job in hope of making reforms from within. "I had hoped," he recalls, "that once inside the Pentagon I could identify dramatic opportunities for cost reductions without endangering the nation's security."

Beaten Back. At first, Fitzgerald saw some progress in checking inefficiency. But by early 1967, he says, "we lost control." He recalls: "We were bringing out too much visibility in the cost of contracts. They [officials] charged with pro-

WALTER BENNETT



AIR FORCE'S FITZGERALD
Eventually out of control.

curement] were afraid that if McNamara found out, he'd land all over them." Fitzgerald claims that he spotted the C-5A overrun in 1966, but when he pointed it out to his superiors, he was "beaten back."

Fitzgerald's cause came to the attention of Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, one of the military's harshest critics. Overcoming an attempt by Pentagon officials to restrict Fitzgerald's testimony before the Joint Economic Committee, Proxmire then launched into a smooth exchange with his prize witness. The dialogue was so smooth, in fact, that some observers wondered if the lines had not been well rehearsed in advance.

Ever since his disclosures, Fitzgerald—who was nominated by the Air Force in 1967 for a Distinguished Service Award—has labored in a kind of Pentagon purgatory. His civil service status, routinely given any appointee at his level after three years of service, was revoked because of "a computer error." He says that his mail is being opened. One letter even bore the initials and stamp of the "action officer" who had opened it. He still toils quietly in the same windowless, fifth-floor office. Instead of monitoring the costs of the multibillion-dollar C-5A and F-111, he now spends his time evaluating relatively minor projects. His first assignment was to review construction of a bowling alley in Thailand. His finding: a \$100,000 overrun.

ARMED FORCES

Their Number Is Up

The Army broke another tie with tradition last week, sending the traditional G.I. serial number into retirement along with the pack mule and the Sam Browne belt. From now on, new soldiers will find their civilian Social Security numbers on their dogtags instead. The switch is to accommodate the Pentagon's new centralized and computerized payroll system. The Army says that the new procedure will be easier for servicemen, who will now have only one set of numerals to remember instead of two.

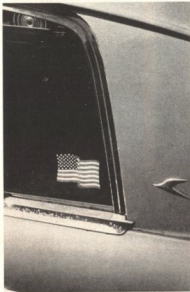
That argument is rather specious, since the number of soldiers who carry their Social Security numbers in their heads roughly equals the number volunteering for night guard duty. Millions of soldiers have been ordered to remember their serial designation since 1918. The first officer to get one, General John J. Pershing, had no trouble with his; it was 01. The drab, nine-digit Social Security number will lack the flavor of the Army serial number with its prefixes of US denoting draftee, RA for volunteer and O for officer. By 1972, the Air Force, Navy and Marines will have switched over, too. Efficiency must be served; but it just won't be the same in the war movies when John Wayne refuses to give the enemy any more than his name, rank and Social Security number.

AMERICANA

Ensign of Reassurance

Never in recent memory was a Fourth of July greeted with so ubiquitous a display of the Stars and Stripes. Flag decals could be seen on family and police cars, on buses and baby carriages. Flags fluttered from the usual poles, of course, but they were also being used in women's dress and hat designs. On a New York City subway platform, a man was seen wearing blue trousers, a red-white-and-blue striped belt and a dark blue shirt studded with white stars.

Independence Day has always been a time of patriotic renewal, but flag fever has been sweeping the country for months. "Twenty years ago, flag waving would have been a harmless thing," says Alistair Cooke, a naturalized citizen who for three decades has report-



FLAG STICKER ON NEW YORK CAR

ed on Americana to his native Britain. "Now it's something of an omen. Some of the flags are carefully pasted upside down—a reminder that the Republic is indeed flying a distress signal."

Speeding Insurance. One simple explanation for the outbreak of red, white and blue is that free stickers have been made available in quantity. In February, 18,441,368 copies of *Reader's Digest* included the little paste-on models. They were so popular that the *Digest* has since distributed 50 million more, with bulk orders from General Motors, the Department of Defense, Gulf Oil and Chemical Bank & Trust Co. of New York. They, in turn, have handed them out free. The stridently patriotic New York *Daily News* has sold half a million. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has a flag inscribed somewhat belligerently: "Our Flag; love it or leave." And Tiffany's offers a 14-carat lapel flag "for those who are still as proud of the American flag as we are." Price: \$15.

To Fred Spence, 37, who lives in The Bronx and runs a delivery service, "It's just a fad. You stop in a gas station for gas, and the man gives you a flag." He has one on his car window and several in a cigar box on the front seat. In Detroit, a college student explained his windshield emblem: "The police like this sort of thing, and maybe, if I'm speeding and they see the flag, they won't pull me over." Cartoonist Al Capp, whose *L'il Abner* comic strips have been waxing increasingly patriotic, probably speaks for the less cynical majority when he says: "The flag looks better waving than burning."

Like Alistair Cooke, other observers of American mores see flag flaunting as a combination of patriotism and re-

PETER POLYMERAKOS



OLD GLORY OVER GAS STATION
Better waving than burning.

action to a mood of disquiet. "All sorts of traditional values are being challenged," says Harvard Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset. "In a certain sense, by having a flag on the car, you're saying that you're not a hippie, you're against campus demonstrations and that you believe in the traditions and values that are under attack." Mark Doran, U.C.L.A. assistant clinical professor of psychiatry, says that "flag waving is a reaction on the part of the good guys who like their children and their wives and get real mad when anybody rocks their barbecue pits."

Doubtless, a feeling of defensiveness accounts for some of the flag clutching. But obviously there is more involved. Those who attack the standard also attack what it represents. Those who flaunt Old Glory are using it as an ensign of reassurance that discontent has its limits.

An ABM Primer

Four months ago, President Nixon announced his decision to go ahead with deployment of an anti-ballistic-missile system called Safeguard. This week the issue is scheduled to come before the Senate, probably for more of the acrimonious debate that has divided scientific experts, politicians and laymen. The essence of the argument:

What is Safeguard supposed to do?

The system proposed by the President and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird is designed primarily to protect U.S. offensive missiles against surprise attack,

of testimony by Pentagon intelligence experts only a few months before, contending that the Russians were doing no such thing. Laird's assertion drew charges that ABM advocates have altered intelligence estimates and used classified information that helps their case, while downplaying data that damages it. Laird has since modified his March statement; he now says that the Russians are developing SS-9 missiles with multiple warheads that would give them the capacity for a first strike against U.S. Minuteman and Titan II ICBMs—but not against Polaris submarines.

says that Moscow is developing an advanced ABM that could be more effective than its present Galosh system.

Laird's opponents are not convinced. Among the most outspoken is an M.I.T. triumvirate—Jerome Wiesner, who was scientific adviser to President Kennedy; George Rathjens, recently of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; and Steven Weinberg, a physicist. In a critique released last week, the trio argued "In order to launch a first strike of the sort envisioned by Secretary Laird, the Soviets would need SS-9s with extraordinary accuracy and high reliability; they would need to solve the problem of coordinating an attack on our bombers and Minutemen; they would need to deal with our nuclear-armed tactical aircraft; they would need an effective antisubmarine-warfare system; and they would need a widespread ABM system. We find it unlikely that they will achieve any one of these capabilities, much less all of them."

Albert Wohlstetter of the University of Chicago, an articulate defender of Safeguard, disagrees. All these things are within U.S. capabilities, he argues, and to be safe, the U.S. must assume that anything it can do the Soviet Union can eventually do too. Wohlstetter questions Rathjens' conclusion that, at worst, "a quarter of our Minuteman force could be expected to survive a Soviet pre-emptive SS-9 attack." Wohlstetter complains that Rathjens overestimates by two-thirds the blast resistance of U.S. silos and unjustifiably assumes that the Soviet multiple warheads would carry only one-megaton payloads. "Where scientists differ," he concedes, "laymen may be tempted to throw up their hands and choose to rely on the authority of those scientists they favor."

Wohlstetter's own calculations agree with those of John Foster, the Pentagon's Director of Research and Engineering. Foster says that the Russians would need only 420 SS-9s to attack 1,000 U.S. silos—assuming that the SS-9s would each carry three separate five-megaton warheads. Foster concludes: "About 95% of the silos could be destroyed. This would mean 50 of the 1,000 Minuteman missiles would survive."

Will it work?

One question about how well the U.S. ABM would work—or if it would work at all—turns on the vulnerability of its radar guidance. Without it, Spartan and Sprint would journey blind. A nuclear blast outside the atmosphere can create radar blackouts lasting critical tens of seconds, as both U.S. and Soviet tests demonstrated in the early 1960s. A "precursor warhead," launched just ahead of a missile attack and det-



RATHJENS



WIESNER



WEINBERG

and also to provide a measure of defense for U.S. cities if an enemy should launch a few missiles at them by accident or by design. Strategically, the argument for the project is that if an ABM defense guaranteed the survival of enough missiles to inflict prohibitive damage on an attacker's homeland, the aggressor would be deterred from risking the first strike.

The Safeguard system has four key elements. PAR (perimeter acquisition radar) detects an enemy ICBM at long range some time after it has been launched, calculates its path, and then passes the missile track along to the less powerful but much more complex MSR (missile site radar). MSR then directs two types of ABMs against the incoming warheads. The long-range Spartan is designed to make an intercept above the atmosphere, at altitudes between 200 and 400 mi. The smaller Sprint would seek out and destroy warheads that penetrated the Spartan screen by intercepting them within 40 miles of the target.

Is it necessary?

In March, speaking of Soviet intentions, Secretary Laird said flatly: "They are going for a first-strike capability [the ability to so devastate the American arsenal that the U.S. could not retaliate]. There is no question about that." That statement flew in the face

The U.S. has other nuclear delivery systems, which include both B-52 and B-58 bombers as well as smaller fighter-bomber aircraft.

The distinction is important, because a crucial point in the argument is just how many deliverable H-bombs the U.S. really needs to make retaliation a sufficiently convincing threat to the Russians. The "optimum" retaliatory force, according to former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, consists of 400 one-megaton warheads delivered to their assigned targets, destroying an estimated 30% of Russia's population and 76% of its industry. The U.S. now has 1,000 Minuteman and 54 Titan II ICBMs, each with a single warhead; 656 submarine-launched Polaris missiles, some of them already fitted with multiple warheads; and hundreds of additional H-bombs in B-52 and B-58 bombers.

With all this overkill, the critics ask, would the U.S. not have enough of its deterrent left for an overwhelming retaliatory strike even if the Soviets did wipe out most of the U.S. ICBMs? No one knows for sure. Some of the remaining ICBMs might misfire. The B-52s and B-58s are vulnerable to Soviet fighters and anti-aircraft missiles; many of them probably would not reach their targets. Laird hints at U.S. anti-submarine warfare developments that may seriously threaten the Polaris submarine fleet in a few years. Further, he

onated as a kind of nuclear smoke screen for the following ICBMs, could black out U.S. perimeter acquisition radar and disrupt the ABM defense.

Cornell Physicist Hans Bethe, a Nobel laureate who believes Safeguard to be sound in principle but not yet necessary to U.S. defense, replies that it is possible to intercept the enemy warheads with Sprints at altitudes below 30 miles, where radar blackout is not a serious problem. Further, the PAR installations are designed to overlap enough for one to take over the functions of another—at least in theory—if the second is blacked out or even physically destroyed by a missile that penetrates the ABM defenses.

Another point is that the system requires the most complicated assemblage of sophisticated computers and other electronic gear ever put together, which raises doubts about its reliability—especially since by its nature it can never be tested under conditions accurately simulating a nuclear attack. Wiesner also contends that any ABM is limited by the defender's guessing about the technology of the weapons it is designed to intercept. The attacker can add chaff and decoys as "penetration aids" to confuse the defender's radar and exhaust the supply of ABMs. Says Wiesner: "I do not think the defender is ever going to know really what to expect; the variety of techniques available to a nation planning an offensive system is great enough to keep an anti-ballistic-missile system totally off balance."

What will it cost?

For the 14-site system the Administration has proposed, Laird estimates the price at \$10.8 billion. Officials point out that annual review of the need for the program could cut the project off long before that much is spent. ABM critics argue, however, that the final cost will turn out to be much higher. They fear that Safeguard may be only the first segment of a greatly expanded "thick" deployment. Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, a former Secretary of the Air Force, has put the cost of such a system as high as \$400 billion, although even many of Safeguard's detractors find that figure outlandish. One criticism of Safeguard's cost goes to a fundamental question of national policy: Should even \$10.8 billion be spent on a doubtful weapons system when there are so many desperate domestic needs for the money?

What are the alternatives?

Some of the opposition believe that Safeguard could be shelved by substantially hardening ICBM sites at a smaller cost (\$6 billion to \$7 billion). The Pentagon wants to do that in addition to Safeguard; the Air Force is already seeking out "hard rock" silo locations that would make ICBMs more resistant even to multimegaton near

misses. Wiesner, Rathjens and Weinberg suggest that the number of ICBMs could be doubled for the price of Safeguard, which would mean that more than 1,000 missiles would survive an attack by the 420 SS-9s that the Pentagon's Foster hypothesized. Wohlstetter answers: "There are safer and cheaper ways of getting [an assured] force of a given size than to buy a much larger one, most of which is susceptible to annihilation."

Others argue that the ABM is simply not needed because the President of the U.S. can order an all-out counterstrike as soon as he knows that the enemy has launched his offensive missiles; the Minuteman missiles would not be vulnerable to attack because they would be already en route to their tar-

lions of dollars, a dozen years of trials and many failures to develop. These are rather backward Russians and very advanced Chinese."

Wiesner makes one telling point, however, suggesting that the Chinese rationale is a red herring. Presidents Johnson and Nixon both indicated that the U.S. would be willing to stop work on ABM if the Russians would do the same as part of an arms-limitation agreement. If that happens, Dr. Wiesner asks, does the Chinese threat suddenly vanish?

Will ABM escalate the arms race?

The Administration contends that Safeguard as such is purely defensive. Indeed, said President Nixon, switching emphasis from defense of the cities to



FOSTER



WOHLSTETTER



LAIRD

gets when the enemy missiles landed. But the President would have only minutes to make this decision. Says Foster: "No President should be required to launch his missiles and ensure the deaths of 100 million human beings on each side just because it is reported that destruction seems imminent."

What about the Chinese threat?

The Johnson Administration's original rationale for an ABM system was that it would protect U.S. cities against attack by relatively few Chinese missiles. Since the ABM is now primarily to defend missile sites rather than cities, Wiesner's group contends that it would not be completely effective against a Chinese attack on population centers. Actually, Safeguard is designed to give some protection to the cities—not nearly enough to ward off a massive attack of sophisticated Russian missiles, but sufficient, in the planners' view, against the Chinese. The critics say that even the Chinese birds may be too good for Safeguard. Replies Wohlstetter: "There is a striking inconsistency in the way ABM opponents treat the Chinese and the Russians. They assume that the Russians cannot, by 1976 or 1977—20 years after Sputnik—do what we know how to do now. When considering the ability of the Chinese to penetrate an ABM defense, they attribute to them penetration systems that cost us many bil-

lions of dollars, a dozen years of trials and many failures to develop. These are rather backward Russians and very advanced Chinese."

There is another view, however. By protecting the ICBM sites, while the Soviets thus far have set up only a primitive ABM defense in the Moscow region, the U.S. may encourage the U.S.S.R. to develop vastly more effective offensive weapons—such as MIRVs, Multiple Independently Targetable Re-entry Vehicles—to overcome the U.S. ABM defense. The Soviets may also feel compelled to deploy a more sophisticated ABM system themselves. The U.S. has already tested MIRVs of its own, although they will not be operational for several years. If the cycle of ABM-MIRV goes on unabated, both nations will be tempted to spend great sums of money that will not really increase their security; the new weapons may, in fact, diminish safety. The prospect of a new lap in the arms race could also decrease the chances for serious agreement during the strategic arms-limitation talks that the U.S. hopes to begin with the U.S.S.R. next month. ABM development has not yet done that. The Soviets have not interpreted Safeguard as sufficiently hostile to keep them from taking part in the discussions.

ALASKA

The Fire War

From all appearances Fort Wainwright Field outside of Fairbanks might have been launching World War II bombing runs. Antique B-25s, the first U.S. planes to raid Tokyo, lumbered down the runway as old Liberator bombers tested their engines for takeoff. The planes were engaged in a different kind of warfare. More than 2.8 million acres of Alaska's timber and tundra—an area more than twice the size of Delaware—have burned this year. The planes' mission: dropping chemicals to slow the fires' advance.

Like everything else in the nation's biggest state, disaster was outside. Alaska's summer has so far been unusually dry and hot, and 334 fires have already

cars to rescue villagers trapped by the flames.

Although Indians and Eskimos stand to suffer greatly from the fires, authorities suspect—but have not proved—that natives started a few of the blazes. The Government pays \$46 to \$65 a day for firefighters. A few weeks of these wages can mean nearly a year's living for a village family in the interior. Also, as more people move into hitherto virgin territory, there is a greater chance of accidental fires. Until recently, about 80% of Alaska's fires were caused by lightning, 20% by man; the ratio is now nearly reversed. Careless campers on the Kenai Peninsula, for example, left the embers that last month destroyed 2,578 acres of prime timber, most of it in a national moose range.

In an area so vast, complete pro-

JOE RYCHTER



BLAZE AT CLEARWATER CREEK, ALASKA

Destroying the ecological balance for years to come.

been counted this year. Last week 66 of them were still out of control—with little hope of relief—destroying for years to come much of the Far North's fragile ecological balance. Caribou moss, the grass and undergrowth that nourish the herds on their annual migrations, shriveled into ashes. Eskimos and Indians in isolated areas who depend on caribou meat faced the prospect of one or more barren seasons.

Computing Losses. Fires cause havoc in Alaska every year, but the Federal Bureau of Land Management, which has supervision over much of the state's wilderness, considers this fire season the worst since statehood was achieved ten years ago. Authorities hired 2,192 men to stop the flames. As the planes attacked a blaze by dropping chemical retardants at its edge, bulldozers would rush in to cut firebreaks through the timber. Fourteen Army riverboats were readied on the Yukon and Tanana riv-

er. Protection is impossible. Faced with heavy losses of forest, wildlife and recreational areas, however, the state is cracking down on those whose carelessness starts fires, when possible making them pay for the damage they cause. Next year the authorities may close dry areas altogether. In the meantime, huge chunks of Alaska are simply disappearing into smoke.

RACES

Color Them Traditional

N.A.A.C.P. is so well established an abbreviation that many forget that the "C" stands for "colored." Negroes preferred to be called that 60 years ago, when the association was founded; "black" was then an insult. For many Negroes today, the connotations have been reversed, as has some of the thrust for the traditional goal of integration. But the N.A.A.C.P. is an institution, and

one that holds fast to nomenclature and aspiration.

At the organization's annual convention in Jackson, Miss., last week, a small band of young dissidents bent on defecting to the gun-toting Black Panthers tried to change the initials to N.A.A.B.P. They got nowhere. The incident demonstrated the association's continuing dilemma: how to stay in touch with the impatient younger generation of Negroes and still function as a moderate alternative to those who preach violence and racial separation.

Our Thing. The present leaders, many of them middle-aged or older, believe that they can retain the group's established ways and still keep it vital and strong. They feel no need to apologize. **WE'RE DOIN' OUR THING**, said the orange-and-black buttons worn by many of the 2,000 delegates. To A.M.E. Zion Bishop Stephen Spottswood, 72, N.A.A.C.P. board chairman, "our thing" meant the full sweep of Negro-American progress in this century. "What has been achieved, we have achieved it," he declared. "What remains to be done, we shall do it."

To Clarence Mitchell, 58, director of the Washington office, "our thing" meant continued faith in integration, a rejection of black for black's sake. "I make no claim to importance merely because I share common ancestry with the people of Africa," Mitchell said. "I am a part of the people who mingled our share of toil with the labors of immigrants from Europe. This is my country, it is the land that I love." To Roy Wilkins, 67, N.A.A.C.P. executive director, "our thing" meant a rebuttal to charges that the N.A.A.C.P.'s middle-class base is an overwhelming handicap in leading the black masses. "Dammit, we are middle-class," Wilkins said. "It's the middle class that has sparked every revolution. We came out of the working class, just the way other immigrants did."

Aid to Critics. Wilkins argued that the N.A.A.C.P. is no less relevant today simply because many of its historic legal battles have been won. The organization is pressing ahead with its own housing program. It has also received a new federal grant of \$173,760 to promote development of Negro-owned building-contracting firms. Wilkins pointed out that the N.A.A.C.P. has supplied legal aid to the very campus radicals who charge that the association has lost touch. Said Wilkins: "When they're in trouble, who in hell comes to their rescue but the good old N.A.A.C.P.?" Convention resolutions backed such traditional goals as a higher minimum wage, extension of the anti-poverty program and stronger antidiscrimination laws. They also paid lip service to black power by backing community control of schools and co-operation with other black organizations, such as the Black Panthers.

Superficially, there is ample evidence of N.A.A.C.P. strength. While most rad-

ical Negro organizations count their membership in the hundreds, the N.A.A.C.P. has 450,673 dues payers—an increase of 5% in a year. Its annual income is \$3.3 million. Below the surface, however, there are signs of weakness. Membership has slipped by 16% from its 1963 peak, and many remaining members are inactive. While the convention saw no serious attempts by young militants to take over, the reason was that many young people had already quit. To stop such attrition, the N.A.A.C.P. needs more help from white America. The organization must show that its reasoned approach can still satisfy black ambitions at an acceptably rapid pace. Whether that can be done remains in doubt.

INDIANS

Squalor Amid Splendor

It is a canyon of incomparable beauty. Red sandstone walls climb 5,300 ft. above 518 verdant acres. Waters cascade down arching falls and sparkle in terraced pools coated with deposits of travertine. From this flow came the settlers' name. The Havasupai Indians—"people who live by the blue-green water"—occupy, as they have for ten centuries, the floor of Cataract Canyon in Grand Canyon National Park.

Against such natural splendor, the 370 members of the Havasupai tribe live, or exist, as one of the most impoverished groups in the U.S. The soaring cliffs of the canyon, once a shield against Apache warriors, have become walls of a prison. There are only three ways out: by helicopter (at \$120 per hour), on foot or by horseback. The eight-mile pack trip to the lip of the canyon takes three hours, but this is just the first leg. Havasupai in need of supplies must travel 120 miles to Kingman, Ariz. From there merchants will ship goods back to the canyon at a 40% to 60% premium.

Housing Airlift. The tribe has become almost totally dependent on the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs. The bureau's heavy-handed paternalism has produced bitterness and lassitude. Recently, for example, a Government-financed airlift of five prefabricated houses into Supai stirred more dust than excitement. As helicopters shuttled wallboard and lumber from the chasm's edge down to the canyon floor, a group of 50 Havasupai near by never once looked toward the landing field. Most were too busy picking through a two-ton load of used clothing dropped into the reservation semiannually.

Five of the reservation's neediest families were chosen at random for the houses. Once selected, however, the families had to be talked into accepting the new homes. One reason for their reluctance was that the relatively luxurious housing is bound to cause jealousy and antagonism on the part of the other 45 families. Besides, without electricity and

with a constant firewood shortage, the dwellings will be impossible to heat.

The houses also represent a dramatic break with the past. After years of treating the Indians as a tarnished remnant of American antiquity, the BIA suddenly wants them to live suburban-style in three-bedroom ranch houses. But the canyon dwellers, accustomed to huts made of rock, sheet metal or scrap wood, neither understand nor trust the offering.

The Havasupai have been in decline since the white man (*haigu*) discovered them during explorations two centuries ago. The tribe lost its hunting and grazing lands on the Coconino Plain above the canyon, and now has use of only six square miles. Traditions are for-

their only reliable source of income will be destroyed.

Havasupai are forbidden to bring alcohol onto the reservation, but it is bootlegged into the canyon and sold at exorbitant prices. Increasingly, the younger tribe members have been the best customers. "I suppose it's because there's so little to do here," says John Greenfield, a fundamentalist missionary and one of seven whites in Supai. "It's a terrible problem—that, and sexual immorality."

Sequential Marriage. The Havasupai family structure is almost nonexistent. In a society without privacy, children imitate their elders and begin sexual activity early. Illegitimacy is rampant, birth control ignored. Havasupai men, notes



SUPPLY DROP IN CATARACT CANYON, ARIZ.

Putting shingles overhead is a questionable response.

gotten, and the only important tie with the past is the Supai language Yuman, now adulterated with American idiom. Young Havasupai who attend Government boarding schools return to the reservation confused about their place in the world. They feel inferior both to the white man and to fellow Indians from larger, more advanced tribes.

Of the 142 Havasupai men able to work, only eight hold permanent jobs. While the tourist season lasts, the tribe's 300 horses are used to pack visitors to the canyon (at \$16 a round trip). Some 6,000 came by foot or horseback last year, but the tribe has almost nothing in the way of handcrafted goods, restaurants or inns that might encourage visitors to leave their money behind. Moreover, the horses help to keep the tribe isolated. Efforts to put a cable car line or Jeep trail into Supai have been resisted by the Indians, who fear that

Social Anthropologist John Martin, practice "sequential marriages," taking one wife after another. Matches between first cousins are routine; mental retardation is common. Disease, poor diet and high infant mortality combine to give the Havasupai a life expectancy of only 44 years (U.S. average: 70). They also have a suicide rate 15% above the national average.

Until now, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has invested only limited funds and manpower to ease the tribe's plight. Little in the way of imaginative social work has been attempted. Putting shingled rooftops over each Havasupai's head is a questionable response to his needs, and even this will be done only gradually. According to Government plans, five houses will be lowered into the canyon each year, which means that the project will not be completed until 1979.

LAS VEGAS: THE GAME IS ILLUSION

ALREADY the Land of Plethora, Las Vegas last week reached a new pinnacle of preposterousness. Two huge new hotels flung open their doors within the space of 24 hours, to the accompaniment of a 21-gun promotional salvo. "In France, it's the Eiffel Tower. In India, it's the Taj Mahal. In Las Vegas, it's the Landmark," boasted TV spots for Howard Hughes' 476-room Landmark Hotel, whose qualifications for uniqueness include "the world's longest swimming pool" (240 ft., shaped like a hot-water bottle) and the only high-altitude casino (on the 29th floor) in

six deep at the craps and blackjack tables. TIME Correspondent Jon Larsen and Writer Charles Parmiter were on hand to record the frenetic scene. Their impressions:

A trip to Las Vegas is enough to restore your faith in the old values. LADIES MUST WEAR BATHING HATS and SWIMSUIT TOPS, reads the sign by the Flamingo Hotel pool. Where else in the U.S. can you still find big bands, a 49¢ breakfast, and a bellhop who says: "Why don't you just relax, sir, while I unpack your bags?" How many other cities the size of Las Vegas (pop. 290,000) can

glasses and hearing aids. Although prostitution is technically illegal in Las Vegas, an estimated 1,000 whores ply their profession on The Strip.

There are, in fact, two Las Vegases—real and illusory. The real one is a sprawling, dusty desert town in which sex education is banned in the public schools, 50-odd people committed suicide last year, and the crime rate is higher than Chicago's. A Methodist Church survey shows that 27% of Las Vegas residents are divorced. The illusory Vegas is the one that will be seen by 14 million visitors this year. Like giant mirages created by the heat vapors of the grack-quick furnace, the neon-lit, freon-cooled sand castles of The Strip rise amid the cacti and creosote bushes, massive monuments to hedonism. Inside their carpeted, clockless confines, nothing seems real: time stands still, and \$100 is just a black gambling chip. This Las Vegas is a jet-age Sodom, a venal demimonde in which the greatest compliment that can be paid a man is to say that he has "juice" (influence in the right places). The city is the ultimate affront to taste.

Pig in a Pool. Consider these vignettes. A notorious mobster is honored publicly with a good-citizen award—because he contributed a large sum to a local college football team. A nun, in full habit, draws cheers from onlookers as she leans over a craps table and screams: "Coooooome, seven!" A promoter dreamily describes one of his latest brainstorms: for the opening of a new restaurant, he plans to fill a reflecting pool with piranhas and toss them a live pig.

Thin-skinned Las Vegas has almost religious awe for such entrepreneurs as Billionaire Hughes and Multimillionaire Kerkorian, a onetime used-plane salesman who now is the largest stockholder in Western Airlines. They are seen as saviors sent to rescue the town from its reputation as a haven for crooks. Nobody seems to know how much Mafia money is still invested in Vegas (estimates range from none at all, which is patently ridiculous, to upwards of \$100 million), but Hughes and Kerkorian have indeed lent the town at least a patina of respectability. In Hughes' six casinos, for example, gaming operations are supervised by ex-cops and ex-FBI agents rather than by gamblers. But Las Vegas retains its image as the wickedest town in the West, which is, of course, just what its visitors want it to be.

For now, moralists and esthetes can only bemoan the vulgarity of Vegas. But the distant future may hold some hope. Las Vegas currently consumes 19 billion gallons of water a year, most of it pumped through wells from a water table that is fed only 3.72 in. of rain every twelve months. As a result, depletion of the water table over the past 20 years has caused the whole town to sink 3 ft. At that rate the earth may swallow up the city of Las Vegas—in a million years or so.



NEW LANDMARK & INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Mirages from the furnace heat vapors.

town. The usual spate of show-biz celebrities turned up to collect souvenir plastic orange blossoms at the opening—but Billionaire Hughes was nowhere to be seen.

Hats and Tops. Maybe he was across the street, causing the competition: Kirk Kerkorian's new 1,519-room International Hotel, which laid claim to a few superlatives itself. The "world's biggest" eternal flame (35 ft. high) burned brightly outside the entrance, while the "world's largest" swimming pool (350,000 gallons), located on the second-floor-roof "recreation deck," leaked water into the "world's biggest" casino (30,000 sq. ft.), directly below. Dwarfed by a stage as large as that of Radio City Music Hall, Barbra Streisand belted out *Hello, Dolly* and *On a Clear Day* for 2,000 champagne-swilling guests, while slot machines clacked merrily in the background.

The openings, plus the usual Fourth of July holiday crush, combined to make last week the busiest in Las Vegas' history. Hotels were jammed, switchboards hopelessly overloaded, gamblers stacked

boast 143 churches and 159 Boy Scout troops?

Campus disorders? Nevada Southern University in Las Vegas has eleven fraternities and sororities, but no S.D.S. chapter. Racial riots? The 30,000 Negroes who live in Las Vegas' west-side black ghetto have not yet even discovered the sit-in. Hippies and drugs? Rare in Vegas. **MARIJUANA—THE SOCIAL ASSASSIN.** read the billboards that District Attorney George Franklin has erected along the main drag. Townsfolk are still chuckling about what happened to the two hirsute, peace-bead types whom a deputy sheriff discovered on The Strip a month or so ago. He drove them out into the desert, pointed them toward Barstow, Calif. (153 miles away), and ordered them to start walking.

Las Vegas is sick, of course, but in a curiously moralistic way that perhaps reflects its Mormon background. Pawnshops such as Stoney's (motto: "Hock It to Me, Baby"), the oldest in town, cheerfully advance money on wedding rings and spare automobile tires. They do draw the line at false teeth, eye-



"When the after dinner cigars were passed and the political discussions began, she would rise gracefully and lead the ladies to the sitting room."

Now you can sit through dessert,
coffee and long after
with your own slim cigarette.



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This is the slim cigarette made just for women. Blended with the kind of flavor you'll like. Full, rich Virginia flavor. Tailored slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke. Extra long. In the distinctive striped pack. Regular or Menthol.





**Man's knowledge is doubling every 10 years.
We're working on "teachers" who can
get it all into young heads.**

Those good old Golden Rule Days are gone forever.

Hooray!

What with knowledge explosions and population explosions and need for educated people explosions, a better way has to be found to educate today's children for tomorrow's world.

We've already found several. Such as the computer-aided teaching system we've already developed and installed in a major school system.

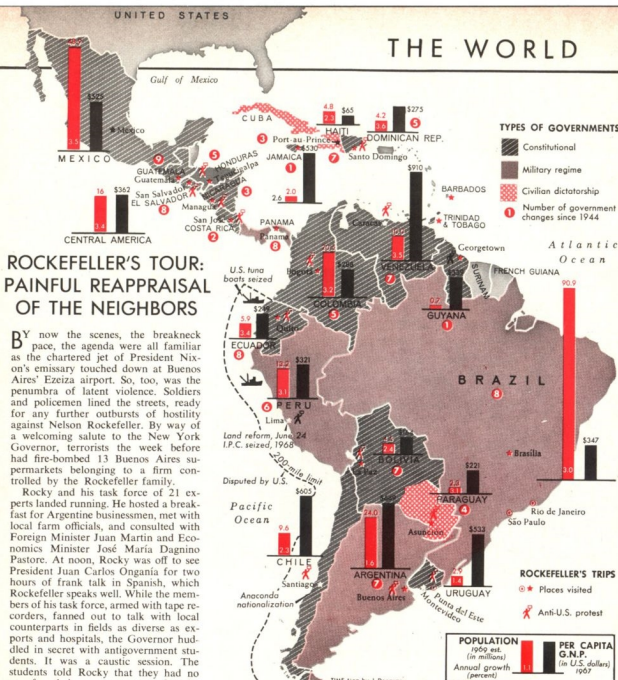
And we're exploring others. Such as projected satellite educational TV systems to unify curriculum for entire state school systems.

We're doing our best to train your children to take their proper place in tomorrow's world. That's how we think today at Philco-Ford Corporation.



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PHILCO 



ROCKEFELLER'S TOUR: PAINFUL REAPPRAISAL OF THE NEIGHBORS

BY now the scenes, the breakneck pace, the agenda were all familiar as the chartered jet of President Nixon's emissary touched down at Buenos Aires' Ezeiza airport. So, too, was the penumbra of latent violence. Soldiers and policemen lined the streets, ready for any further outbursts of hostility against Nelson Rockefeller. By way of a welcoming salute to the New York Governor, terrorists the week before had fire-bombed 13 Buenos Aires supermarkets belonging to a firm controlled by the Rockefeller family.

Rocky and his task force of 21 experts landed running. He hosted a breakfast for Argentine businessmen, met with local farm officials, and consulted with Foreign Minister Juan Martin and Economics Minister José María Dagnino Pastore. At noon, Rocky was off to see President Juan Carlos Onganía for two hours of frank talk in Spanish, which Rockefeller speaks well. While the members of his task force, armed with tape recorders, fanned out to talk with local counterparts in fields as diverse as exports and hospitals, the Governor huddled in secret with antigovernment students. It was a caustic session. The students told Rocky that they had no use for their government or for the U.S. More meetings and a reception; then, less than 36 hours after he had arrived, Rocky was off at 5 a.m., headed for Haiti—and more of the same. What did the Governor think of Argentina, a newsmen asked just before the plane left. "I'll tell President Nixon," grinned Rocky, "and not you."

Fuera Yanqui. Rockefeller's visit to Argentina last week launched his fourth fact-finding trip to Latin America in the past two months. By this week, when his odyssey comes to an end in Barbados, he will have swept through 20 countries, gathering raw material for the Administration's effort to reappraise U.S. policy in Latin America. In the making of foreign policy, the New York Governor's forays were without pre-

cedent, and duly deplored by some in Washington as exercises in frustration. In virtually every capital that Rockefeller visited, his arrival catalyzed longstanding Latin American resentments, frustrations and anxieties. There were anti-U.S. demonstrations, angry shouts of "Fuera Yanqui" (Yankee, Get Out), riots and at least seven deaths, including four in the Dominican Republic last week. Three nations asked the Governor to cancel scheduled stops, for fear his presence would cause violence.

Rockefeller and the White House are convinced that his mission is worth the cost, if only because it dramatically exposes the deep strains in U.S.-Latin American relations. There can be little

doubt that a new U.S. policy is needed, Latin America is a continent in ferment, dissatisfied as never before with the U.S. and itself. Indeed, there are pessimists like Sol Linowitz, former U.S. ambassador to the Organization of American States, who believe that if the U.S. continues to ignore Latin America, it may some day face "a series of Viet Nams" south of the border.

Those Viet Nams need not necessarily be Communist-caused. Through much of the continent, there is at work a tough new nationalism that owes nothing to imported ideologies. Peru's military rulers are embarked on a collision course with the U.S. over their expropriation, so far without compensation,

of a large American-owned oil company. In an effort to protect marine resources for their own use, both Peru and Ecuador frequently seize and fine U.S. tuna boats for violating the 200-mile limits proclaimed by both nations. Chile has maneuvered the U.S.-owned Anaconda Co. into "negotiated nationalization," under which the government will buy 51% of Anaconda's vast and profitable mining interests.

One Referent. The U.S. has long been the scapegoat for the continent's woes. Vitriolic accusations that the U.S. is using Latin America as merely a political backyard and an economic bargain basement are staple complaints. Because the U.S. is omnipresent in Latin America, it proves a convenient and

Subtler Weapons. Although Nixon has declared Latin America's problems to be "of the highest priority," the continent is aware that it ranks low on the U.S. agenda. There is a pervasive feeling of helplessness based on the realization that the U.S. controls too much of Latin America's destiny. The era of landing U.S. Marines may be over, but Latin Americans know that Washington now commands subtler weapons—an arsenal of punitive laws and regulations that can turn off the flow of aid, arms and trade virtually at will. Among them is the Hickenlooper Amendment, which provides for an aid cut in cases of nationalization without speedy compensation; it hangs over Peru now.

Resentment runs deep against both

operation. In an accompanying speech, Chilean Foreign Minister Gabriel Valdés said: "Private investments have meant and mean today for Latin America that the amounts that leave our continent are many times as high as those invested in it. In a word, we hold the conviction that Latin America gives more than it receives."

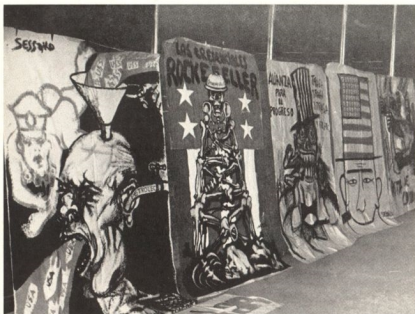
Rules of the Game. The charge is correct. U.S. firms in 1967 repatriated all but 2% to 3% of their profits in Latin America. Aid—which has amounted to \$11 billion since the launching of the Alliance for Progress eight years ago—is not entirely the altruistic expression of good neighborliness that most Americans assume it to be. The U.S. may indeed commit a billion dollars a year—including grants, low-interest loans, and private investment. But the Organization of American States claims that this amount drifts back north in purchases, and yields additional Latin American payments of \$274 million in amortization, interest and service charges. The bulk of U.S. Government assistance is "tied." The receiving country must use the money in the U.S., one of the world's most expensive markets, and must ship at least half of its purchases in U.S. bottoms, a practice that Brazilian Economist Roberto de Oliveira Campos correctly describes as "a partial subsidy" to U.S. shipping.

To make matters worse, the continent's terms of trade have deteriorated in recent years. Prices for Latin American exports, mostly raw materials, have fallen in world markets, while prices of imports have risen. A decline of a single U.S. cent per pound of coffee—a price essentially set in the U.S., the world's largest consumer of coffee—costs Colombia \$8.7 million, Central America \$8 million, and Brazil \$24 million a year. Says Colombia's able, progressive President Carlos Lleras Restrepo, an economist by profession: "The fault is to be found with the international rules of the game that take from the poor and give to the rich."

Glacial Progress. Much of Latin America's anger today reflects frustration over its own failures. Thoughtful Latin Americans admit that the U.S. is used as a scapegoat, and that their countries have not exactly plunged into necessary economic and social reform.

The average economic growth rate for all of Latin America, optimistically pegged at an annual 2.5% by the Alliance for Progress eight years ago, has barely come to 1.5% over the Alliance years. Annual per-capita income stands at only \$350, ranging from a high of \$950 in Venezuela to a grinding \$65 in Haiti. Agrarian reform, in the words of a U.S. congressional report, has made "glacial progress." Although 15 countries have made a beginning, only Peru's military leaders have dared proclaim a radical redistribution program.

Housing shortages are appalling: a U.N. statistician has figured that if Latin America began building houses at a daily rate of 10,000, one-third of its



ANTI-ROCKEFELLER POSTERS IN BUENOS AIRES
Worth the cost to expose the strains.

often legitimate target for such criticism. U.S. investments come to be seen as covert efforts to despoil the continent of its riches. U.S. embassies and aid missions are viewed as sinister proconsulates. "Independence in Latin America has only one referent today," says the Brookings Institution's John Plank, "and that is independence from the U.S."

Yet Latin Americans have a curious ambivalence about the giant to the north. The U.S. may be disliked, but it is an intrinsic part of their lives. In the big cities, multicolored neon blinks the lures of U.S. products. Bookstores are clogged with American titles. American movies draw millions of viewers every year, and the continent's young—like the young everywhere—have grown fond of granny glasses, long hair, bell-bottoms and hard rock. Latin Americans admire U.S. achievements—one of the most popular films currently playing on the continent is the U.S. Information Agency's *Apollo 8*—but they want American know-how on their own terms.

U.S. private investment and Washington's aid program. Although the era of corporate colonialism has passed and most U.S. firms faithfully obey local regulations, U.S. business still has immense muscle on the continent, a fact that contravenes Latin America's understandable desire to control its own resources. U.S. business employs over 2,000,000 Latin Americans, pays more than one-fifth of the continent's taxes, produces 12% of its total output and one-third of all its exports. Nationalistic objections aside, U.S. business contributes importantly to local economies, providing employment and revenue, and has historically played a major role in the continent's growth and development.

That tends to be taken for granted now by Latin Americans, who charge that the U.S. takes more out of the continent than it puts in. In June, 21 Latin American nations presented Nixon with a 6,000-word memorandum—the "Consensus of Viña del Mar"—setting forth their thoughts on new bases for co-

220 million people would still be without proper shelter a decade from now. Urban areas are rapidly expanding, and with them the poverty-stricken shanty towns of the continent—the *villas miserias* of Argentina, the *favelas* of Brazil, the *barriadas* of Peru. Less than half the continent's children go to school. Despite some tax reform, no income tax is paid by millions, including those who ought most to pay. Most important, there has been no concentrated attempt to check the burgeoning birth rate, at 3.2% the highest of any continent.

Change v. Stability. To remedy the ills that plague it, Latin America needs money, reform and the kind of governmental stability that allows time for reform to bear fruit. Most of Latin America, for the present anyway, dismisses Communism as no serious threat. But social change can touch off revolutionary pressures and arouse the fury of entrenched interests. There have been 16 coups since 1961. Democratic Chile, under moderate Eduardo Frei Montalva, is beset by inflation and political uncertainty. Frei's Christian Democratic Party is split; one faction advocates a link-up with the Communists in presidential elections next year. Colombia, thanks to reforms initiated by Lleras Restrepo, has made an economic comeback. But it faces problems as it approaches the end of an agreement under which its political parties laid aside differences and took turns holding the presidency. Venezuela, buoyed by its oil riches, is in fine economic shape, but newly elected President Rafael Caldera has to steer carefully, since his party controls neither house of congress. Peru's Fernando Belaúnde Terry pushed reform, weakening the economy and currency; the military ousted him last winter. In Brazil, generals took over in 1964 from left-leaning, incompetent João Goulart. They moved into outright dictatorship last year and seem to be more concerned with neutralizing their civilian opposition than with building a sound political structure.

Middle Class. Yet the elements of power are quickly changing. In the past three centuries, the only forces that mattered in any Latin country were the landed oligarchy, the Roman Catholic Church and the military. That triad still predominates, and only 10% of the people own 90% of the land. But there are cracks in the alliance. Recent years have seen the emergence of a new kind of military man—up from the lower or middle class, equipped with some technical skills, interested in efficiency and growth. Often he thinks he can run his country better than the sons of the oligarchs, and sometimes he can. In any case, his loyalty is likely to be directly to his country rather than his class; he is less likely to intervene in politics merely to do the oligarchy's bidding and then quietly retire.

The Church in Latin America is changing. While Rome still prohibits birth control, thereby encouraging the fecundity that is one of the continent's big-

gest obstacles to economic progress, many young priests quietly counsel contraception. In Chile, priests have increasingly drifted into poor neighborhoods to live and work. In Ecuador, they lead a movement to bring church property under land reform. In Bolivia, they have suggested that workers be granted a voice in their firms and a share in the profits. In Colombia, a priest was killed leading an anti-government guerrilla band. The growing middle class, too, has found its voice, and a strident one: middle-class students are the most vociferous advocates of change, rejecting foreign influence and paternalism and championing "people's rights."

What can be done to solve the crushing farrago of problems? Nationalist

reduce congressional weight on the conduct of foreign relations, because the punitive legislation that Congress has enacted drastically reduces the President's room for maneuvering. Washington might consider channeling assistance through multinational agencies to avoid charges of political string-pulling. That would help mute the charge that the U.S. cares only about preserving the status quo and all too readily supports military regimes.

Division of Labor. Already, as a result of Rockefeller's trips, a number of improvements have been made. Two weeks ago the concept of "additionality," part of tied-aid regulations, was abandoned. Last week the U.S. lifted its ban on credit arms sales to Peru and Ecuador, im-



RIO DE JANEIRO FAVELA & LUXURY APARTMENTS
Awareness of the low priority.

governments could expropriate every American business on the continent, and the region's economic destiny would still be inseparably intertwined with and dependent on the U.S. Washington could funnel huge amounts of money southward, and little would be accomplished for the people of Latin America if the funds were siphoned off, as so often in the past, by the ruling classes. Neither extreme scenario, of course, is likely to be chosen—especially not the latter. The Nixon Administration's options are too limited by other crises abroad and at home. At \$605 million, Nixon's aid request for Latin America is the lowest submitted by a U.S. President in a decade, and Congress in its present mood is sure to cut it.

There are, however, many changes that the U.S. can make in the way it deals with Latin America—changes that would produce both real and psychological benefits. The vast U.S. market should be opened more fully to Latin American goods. Nixon should seek to

posed because of their seizures of U.S. fishing boats, and thus opened the way for a conference to discuss the offshore waters dispute. From Latin America came a constructive suggestion of what Latins themselves might do to help. Colombia's Lleras Restrepo, back from a visit to the U.S., called for a conference of North American and Latin American labor unions to discuss "a better international division of labor."

In his jet last week leaving the Dominican Republic, Rockefeller leaned back in his seat and ruminated about his mission. "The disillusionment is very real," he said of the nations he had covered. "Blame must be equally accepted throughout the Western Hemisphere. We can't cover it up. You have no idea how much we are telling these people what to do and how to do it. But there are also forces at work that do not want to see us closer together. It is very important that there be understanding that these forces do exist and that all is not well in the hemisphere."

The Lesson of Ben Het

WHAT will happen when the U.S. withdraws its ground forces from Viet Nam? The first trial run came at Ben Het, the embattled South Vietnamese outpost near Cambodia that was the well-publicized object of enemy pressure for 55 successive days. For the first time since the massive U.S. military buildup in 1965, South Vietnamese forces (ARVN) bore the brunt of a major ground action in the difficult border terrain. Though the siege last week was lifted and Ben Het remained in allied hands, the results were far from reassuring. "You can see it happening all the way to the beaches," said one U.S. general. "As we move back, they will inch right in behind us and smack hell out of whatever ARVN unit we leave in the way."

That may prove a premature and overly pessimistic prognosis, uttered in the midst of an engagement that left a sour taste in many an American's mouth. But there was no denying that Ben Het raised serious doubts about the military feasibility of American plans for orderly early withdrawal and disengagement in Viet Nam.



SOUTH VIETNAMESE UNDER SIEGE AT BEN HET

Like Khe Sanh and Con Thien to the north, Ben Het, which was completed in 1968, is an isolated fortification of bunkers and barbed wire that sits astride an important infiltration route. Inside its perimeters were 500 Montagnard irregulars led by a South Vietnamese Special Forces team of twelve and twelve U.S. Green Beret advisers. Initially, Ben Het could rely for added protection on the U.S. 4th Infantry Division, which was operating in the surrounding highlands. As part of a redeployment, U.S. infantry forces withdrew from the Ben Het area in April. The responsibility for the base passed to a South Vietnamese commander, Marine Colonel Nguyen Ba Lien of the 24th Special Tactical Zone. In accord with the U.S. policy of continuing to provide fire support for South Vietnamese ground forces, 500 American artillerymen remained dug in at key points in and around Ben Het. The biggest U.S. concentration was at Dak To, ten miles to the east, where 500 American combat engineers were also stationed.

Ominously, the North Vietnamese in early May began to mass two regiments in the area and occasionally to shell Dak To and Ben Het. In the past, the U.S. would have rushed American infantrymen to the aid of the South Vietnamese. This time they did not. In an effort to head off an attack, Lien sent South Vietnamese bat-

talions into craggy mountains around the two bases. At first the South Vietnamese fought well and aggressively. But after a month in the field, they wearied. Unfortunately, the South Vietnamese still seemed incapable of fighting a prolonged and bloody engagement with the more determined and seasoned North Vietnamese regulars. In action reminiscent of the ARVN's performance in the mid-1960s, the South Vietnamese retired to their forts, leaving the initiative and the countryside to the enemy.

The ensuing siege strained relations between the South Vietnamese and the American battalion at Dak To. As support troops, the U.S. engineers and artillerymen were counting on the South Vietnamese to provide the security force for their base. But Lien refused. As a result, the Americans had to do double duty guarding their own perimeter, leaving the gun crews and work teams overworked and exhausted.

Far more serious was the situation on the road between the two bases. While working to keep the road open and in good repair, the American engineers could not depend upon the South Vietnamese for protection. On several occasions, the South Vietnamese refused to respond to pleas by ambushed engineers. Four weeks ago, a 20-man ARVN guard detail deserted a U.S. working party when North Vietnamese ambushers opened fire. Cursing their allies, the surviving Americans finally managed to drag their dead and wounded to safety. Over an eight-week period, the U.S. engineers lost 19 men killed and 120 wounded, in part because they received inadequate protection from their allies.

In mid-June, the North Vietnamese completely surrounded Ben Het and cut off virtually all ground access to it. Though ammunition remained plentiful, Ben Het's defenders suffered from a lack of fresh water and hot food. They also suffered from the lack of an on-the-spot commander. Directing the battle from his headquarters at Kontum, 30 miles southeast of Ben Het, Lien rarely flew into the besieged outpost. As a result, he was unable to make the most effective use of the massive U.S. air power and artillery that were put at his disposal. Communications between the various defending units were also poor. Meanwhile, communications to the outside world about Ben Het set cable and telex wires humming. Hard-pressed to find stories in an increasingly quiet war, the press corps in Viet Nam seized eagerly on Ben Het. Some stories even warned that the outpost might be overrun, a threat the North Vietnamese encouraged by code-naming the base Dienbienphu.

Perhaps in an attempt to counter such bad publicity, Colonel Lien explained his strategy to newsmen in Kontum. In excellent English, the cocky colonel confided that he deliberately used Ben Het as "bait" to lure the North Vietnamese into a position where allied firepower could destroy them. At Ben Het and Dak To, U.S. officers laughed openly at Lien's suggestion. U.S. headquarters in Saigon pointed out that General Creighton Abrams has specifically forbidden ever using allied men as bait.

Two days after Lien's press conference, the siege of Ben Het abruptly ceased, and the enemy faded away into Cambodia. A relief force of 1,500 South Vietnamese troopers last week encountered no resistance on their way to Ben Het. Why did the enemy withdraw? During the height of the attacks, North Vietnamese propagandists boasted that Ben Het represented "a humiliating failure for the U.S. in its plot to de-Americanize the war and use Vietnamese to kill Vietnamese." Having already lost 1,800 men in the battle, the North Vietnamese may have felt that they needed to waste no more lives to make their point.

LAND FOR SOUTH VIET NAM'S PEASANTS

THE Viet Cong are known for their acts of terrorism, which often include the murder and kidnaping of innocent peasants. Still, they enjoy a simple, potent asset in the countryside of South Viet Nam. Whenever they conquer an area, the Communists promptly take the land away from the landowners and give it to the peasants. In many cases, the Viet Cong are able to keep the support of the peasants by warning that a return of government forces would mean a return of the landlords. Faced with U.S. troop withdrawals and possible early elections in which the vote of the hamlets may well be decisive, South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu now has produced a land-reform program that attempts to beat the Communists at their own game.

The Thieu government last week introduced in the National Assembly a bill that would revolutionize land ownership in South Viet Nam, where the best acreage still is held by the rich and privileged few. According to the legislation, due to be enacted into law this month, South Viet Nam's 800,000 tenant farmers, at no cost to themselves, will be able to take full possession of the land they now till. The 40,000 landowners who hold more than 80% of South Viet Nam's cultivable riceland will, in effect, be bought out by the government for a total of \$400 million in cash and bonds. The U.S. has promised to provide 10% of the amount. Says Thieu's new Minister of Agriculture, Cao Van Than, who is the architect of the reform program: "We are trying to take the initiative from the Communists."

Top Priority. There is, of course, the major question of whether Thieu's government can muster the political will and managerial skill to succeed in the task. Land reform has a long and unfortunate history in South Viet Nam. For years, U.S. and other foreign advisers impressed on a succession of Saigon rulers the need to end the inequitable system by which peasants are forced to turn over 25% to 50% of their harvests as rent to absentee landlords. If that advice had been heeded earlier, former U.S. Ambassador to India Chester Bowles recently mused, "it is unlikely that American troops would now be involved in that tragic country, fighting against peasant guerrillas." Bowles knows that the tragedy of Viet Nam cannot be explained quite so simply, but there is much truth in what he says. The gift of land is the surest way to win any peasant's loyalty.

In 1956, President Ngo Dinh Diem finally pushed through a law that granted tenant farmers the right to buy plots they were tilling. Because of the peasants' lack of money and the inefficiency of the Vietnamese bureaucracy, Diem's program failed. At the 1966 Honolulu summit, the South Vietnamese promised

to make land reform a major part of the pacification program. Saigon did not make any real progress until three months ago, when Thieu put Than, a University of Pittsburgh-trained economist, in charge of the Agriculture Ministry and gave top domestic priority to land reform.

Four Acres. After raiding other Saigon ministries for topflight aides, Than quickly formulated a bold and broad proposal that would, in his words, "make a massive political and psychological impact on the population now." President Thieu and the Cabinet quickly gave their blessings to the bill, and it was also well received by a sizable majority of the representatives in the National Assembly. Even the Viet Cong may find

pledge to continue to farm it for at least two years.

Given the present political mood of urgency in Saigon, most of the landowners realize that it would be fruitless to oppose land reform. Landowners who have property in Viet Cong-controlled areas are delighted, since the bill will compensate them for holdings they had given up for lost. The price of the land will be pegged to the value of the plot's rice yield; an average acre of paddy now fetches \$156. Payment will be 20% in cash and the rest in eight-year interest-bearing bonds. Even though the payments will stretch over nearly a decade, they are almost certain to strain Saigon's limited financial resources and to increase the inflationary pressures within the economy.

So far, the peasants are skeptical about President Thieu's land reform.



THIEU PASSING OUT PURCHASED DEEDS TO FARMERS IN THE DELTA
Unabashedly based on the Communist model.

it difficult to fault Than's bill, since parts of it are unabashedly based on the Communist model. His reform proposal recognizes Viet Cong land grants as legal and binding. He even used the Communist land-reform slogan as the motto for his program: "Land to the tiller!"

In an effort to prevent the reform from being bogged down by Saigon and provincial bureaucrats, Than has given considerable power to the elected councils in the country's 2,600 villages. One month after the bill becomes law, any tenant farmer of 18 or older may present his land claim to the village council in his area. After verifying his tenancy, the council will then grant an immediate freehold title to the land. Though a farmer may claim as many as 72 acres, Than believes that the average allotment will be about four acres. The only catch to retaining the title to the land is that the new owner must

Still, if he can prove that it will work, land reform might help him build the base in the countryside that until now has eluded every Saigon political leader. For the past six weeks, a country-wide Friday evening television broadcast has extolled the merits of the new program. Pamphlets and wall posters have been distributed in government-held areas, while *The Free South*, a special newspaper discussing land reform, has been air-dropped into Viet Cong-controlled regions. In Saigon, the IBM 360 computer in the U.S. aid agency has been programmed to print out large green deeds at the rate of 100 per minute as soon as the names of the new owners and the descriptions of their holdings are fed into it. Though the time is late, Thieu hopes to have as many of those deeds as possible in the hands of South Viet Nam's peasants before he faces a political showdown with the Communists.

RUMANIA

Getting Ready for Nixon

On Aug. 2, Bucharest, a languid and Latinate city, will be the scene of a major development in East-West relations. It will become the first Communist capital ever to play host to an American President. The Rumanian capital is already busy getting ready for the 20-hour state visit. The Rumanian army band must learn to play *The Star-Spangled Banner*, a notoriously difficult capitalist number. Stars and Stripes to festoon the city's lampposts must be taken out of storage at the protocol department. Rooms must be found for an estimated 600 foreign newsmen in a city that has only three first-class hotels.

Trade Talk. The Rumanians were delighted by the impending visit, but, like almost everyone else, a little puzzled by why Nixon was coming. In essence, the Washington explanation seemed to boil down to: 1) he was asked, and 2) why not? In his talks with Rumania's President and party boss, Nicolae Ceausescu, Nixon will probably sound him out on Soviet and Chinese intentions. He may say some confidential things about Viet Nam for Ceausescu to pass along to Hanoi. The President will surely be cautious, however, not to seem to be too cozy. For Nixon is aware that the Rumanian leader, despite his enlightened and independent foreign policy, runs a repressive police state.

Ceausescu, on his part, will ask for better U.S. trade conditions for Rumanian goods and more private American investment. He will undoubtedly reiterate his familiar argument that both NATO and the Warsaw Pact should be dismantled simultaneously as a major move toward breaking down the barriers between the East and West blocs. Directly, he may also sound out the President on what U.S. reaction might be if the Russians ever tried a Czechoslovak-style power play against Rumania.

Russian Response. Although Washington and Bucharest were concerned about Soviet reaction, Washington did not tell Moscow of Nixon's plans in advance. The President wanted to make clear that he feels free to deal with other Communist countries without asking the Russians' permission. Once Nixon had announced the visit, though, Secretary of State William Rogers stressed that it should not be interpreted as an anti-Soviet move.

Understandably, the Rumanians were more circumspect. In all likelihood, Ceausescu told the Soviet leaders about his invitation to Nixon during last month's Communist summit meeting in Moscow. The Soviets offered no objections to the visit. In fact, Soviet diplomats in Washington and Moscow were soon passing the word that the presidential excursion into their own backyard would not endanger the Big Four talks on the Mideast. Nor, they said, would it delay the start of the U.S.-Soviet arms talks, expected to begin in August.



MBOYA ADDRESSING POLITICAL RALLY
Qualities so urgently needed.

KENYA

Death in the Afternoon

It was a quiet Saturday afternoon in Nairobi, and Tom Mboya, Kenya's Minister of Economic Planning and Development, was doing a little shopping downtown. He stepped into Chhani's Pharmacy to buy a bottle of lotion. As he emerged, an assassin opened fire, escaping in the ensuing confusion. Mboya was struck in the chest, blood soaking his suede jacket, and died in an ambulance on the way to Nairobi Hospital. Grieving Kenyans soon gathered in such numbers at the hospital

that baton-wielding police were called out to keep the crowd at bay.

Only 38, the handsome, articulate Mboya embodied many of the qualities so urgently needed by the fledgling nations of black Africa. He was a member of Kenya's second largest tribe, the Luo. But he saw his real loyalties to Kenya's detribalizing urban classes and made them his constituency. He was an early and fervent apostle for his country's freedom, inspired by Jomo Kenyatta. But he deplored the violence and bloodshed of the Mau Mau uprisings against the British and refused to participate in them. He became the architect of independent Kenya's major documents, including its constitution. He also pleaded eloquently for a Marshall Plan for all Africa, for the creation of an African economy, and "the brotherhood of the extended family" in a United States of Africa."

Mboya thought of himself as an African socialist, that catchall for moderate African reformers who favor mixed economies. Thoroughly pro-Western, with close ties both to the U.S. and Britain (he spent a year at Oxford), Mboya had no use for Soviet and Chinese efforts to gain a foothold in Kenya. It was on that issue that Mboya and his principal political enemy, Oginga Odinga, collided. Odinga, a Luo like Mboya, is an emotional, radical tribalist with Communist leanings and support. Mboya helped oust Odinga as Vice President in 1966.

Mboya had many political enemies on the right as well as the left. He also had personal enemies, for he could be arrogant, brittle and ruthless in political infighting. As a Luo, Mboya was given only a scant chance to succeed Kenyatta, a member of the country's dominant Kikuyu tribe. His talents were such, however, that he might have been assassinated to head off any possibility of his presidency. Kenyatta described his death as "a loss to Kenya, to Africa and the world."



TSHOMBE IN ALGERIA AFTER SKYJACKING
A name no longer beautiful.

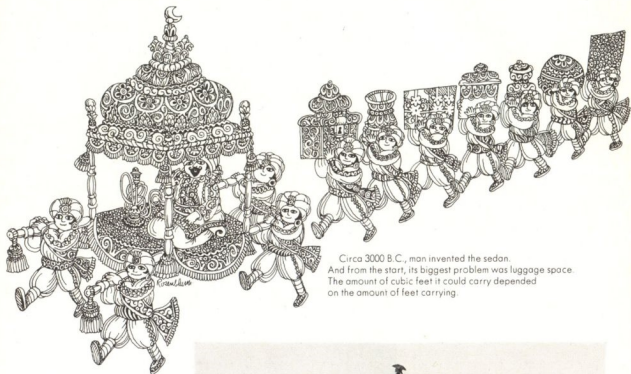
ALGERIA

End in Captivity

The timing was inauspicious. Exactly nine years earlier, the Republic of Congo had been founded. Two years earlier, onetime Congo Premier Moise Tshombe had been skyjacked to Algiers during a holiday flight. Then, on the eve of the double anniversary, Tshombe, 49, was found dead by a servant. Eight Algerian physicians and three French doctors called in by the Algerian government concluded that he had died in his sleep. An autopsy later indicated natural death; the cause was not listed.

Prior to his death, according to his Algerian hosts (who played no part in his kidnapping by a French gunman), Tshombe had twice been treated for a heart condition. Tshombe spent his first year in Algeria in military barracks; during the second he was moved to more com-

The VW Squareback Sedan: 5000 years in the making.

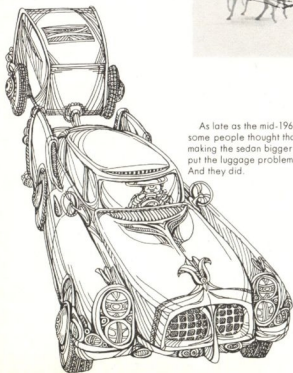


Circa 3000 B.C., man invented the sedan.
And from the start, its biggest problem was luggage space.
The amount of cubic feet it could carry depended
on the amount of feet carrying.



Even when man added wheels and some horsepower,
the luggage problem was as stubborn as ever.

As late as the mid-1960's (A.D.),
some people thought that by simply
making the sedan bigger outside, they could
put the luggage problem behind them.
And they did.



Finally, someone tried a new approach and solved
the problem. By squaring off the space in back that
others waste, he came up with a sedan
that's smaller than most others outside, but can
hold more luggage than any other inside.
The Volkswagen Squareback Sedan.
It makes the luggage problem
ancient history.



fortable quarters. But like another prisoner, former Algerian President Ahmed ben Bella, Tshombe was often shifted from one isolated villa to another. The wary Algerians, who constantly suspected plots, moved him to thwart liberation attempts on the part of "foreign interests."

Unbearable Loneliness. In barracks or villas, Tshombe's life was monastic and frustrating. He was allowed no visitors, spent much time reading, listening to records or planning menus. He was sometimes taken on automobile drives, but had to don a fake beard as disguise to enter even isolated restaurants. As the confinement lengthened, he began to suffer from melancholy, complained of missing his wife and ten children in Brussels. Presumably, he also missed the string of lissome white "secretaries" who had been among the co-teries at his homes in exile in Madrid and Mallorca. Algerian President Houari Boumedienne ignored a court ruling that Tshombe be extradited to the Congo, where he had long since been sentenced to death for treason.

For a man whose round face had always brightened at the sight of adoring crowds, the loneliness was unbearable. Foreign diplomats in Algiers last week suggested, with more poetic license than medical precision, that Tshombe died of a broken heart rather than a damaged one.

Checked Legend. In the Congo, only curt mention of his death was made. Tshombe had been largely a non-person since his exile in 1965. The son of a millionaire trader, Tshombe emerged on the world stage when the Congo became an independent country. Patrice Lumumba, the Congo's charismatic first Premier, wanted strong central government. Tshombe, speaking for the copper-rich province of Katanga, demanded a loose federation. The disagreement started a civil war that raged for 29 months, required 30,000 United Nations troops to settle, and was notable for rape, pillage and bloody atrocities. Lumumba was murdered—a U.N. commission suspected Tshombe of complicity—and Tshombe was exiled and then recalled to become Premier, only to be exiled once more in 1965.

Moise Kapenda—or "beautiful Moses"—Tshombe took an estimated \$20 million into his second exile, much of it collected through bribes and kickbacks. Behind he left a checkered legend. Older Congolese remember the prosperous times of his premiership; the young now revere Lumumba the leftist and revile his enemy. Whites still recall the man so cultured and well-spoken that many colonialists considered him a "black European." But because Moise Tshombe relied to such an extent on white advice and white arms, his name is no longer beautiful in much of black Africa. Indeed, like that of Norwegian Vidkun Quisling, it has become in some places on the continent a synonym for traitor.

BRITAIN

"A Popular Young Lad"

The demands on a Prince of Wales have altered, but I am determined to serve and to try as best I can to live up to those demands, whatever they might be in the rather uncertain future. One thing I am clear about, and it is that Wales needs to look forward without forsaking the traditions and essential aspects of her past.

First in lilting Welsh, and then in a King's English, Britain's Prince Charles last week spoke those modest words to his countrymen in response to his investiture as Prince of Wales. Around the world millions watched the four hours of panoply and pageantry over sat-

lice checked out one of dozens of bomb threats, and hours after Charles had left the castle, a British soldier burned to death inside an army minibus that had caught fire, possibly from a bomb.

Even though no incidents disturbed the ceremony itself, tension did necessitate a gigantic and unseemly security apparatus. Frogmen searched the harbor, and gate guards pried into guests' box lunches and even into the orchestra's instruments in a search for explosives.

Such minor indignities paled once the ceremony was underway. It began with a procession, almost two hours long, of soldiers in their dressiest uniforms, bards dressed in swirling blue-and-green togas, Welsh politicians in robes of office and British officials, including Prime Minister Harold Wilson,



ELIZABETH & CHARLES AFTER INVESTITURE
With a contagious smile.

ellite TV transmission. What the world saw was a slim, erect young man moving slowly and somewhat stiffly at first through one of royalty's rich, ancient rituals. But for the 80,000 or so who crowded in and around the ancient castle of Caernarvon, the mixture of Welsh informality and London modishness that marked the occasion made it a kind of family and tribal outing. Charles' investiture turned out to be more impressive, more personal—and more fun—than almost anyone, especially the Welsh, had thought it would be.

Box-Lunch Search. Even so, the occasion was not entirely without the violence that Welsh nationalists had promised. Two young extremists were killed the night before the ceremony when explosives that they were carrying went off near train tracks in Abergele, where the royal family passed on its way to Caernarvon. Later, the train carrying the royal entourage was halted while po-

lice in morning clothes. The royal family itself was rather subdued. Queen Elizabeth, carrying an Edwardian parasol, was done up in pale gold. Prince Philip wore the dark blue, braided uniform of a field marshal. Prince Charles, who waited in the Chamberlain tower until formally summoned by his mother, wore the No. 1 blues of the New Royal Regiment of Wales, of which he is colonel-in-chief. As he received the instruments of his office—silver-handled sword, amethyst ring, ermine-topped mantle and contemporary gold coronet—mother and son looked into each other's eyes. When it was over, and Charles had delivered his speech, Philip caught his son's eye, and the prince broke into a smile.

Triumphal Tour. It was a contagious expression. The audience of 4,000, which filled the inner court of Caernarvon, rose to their feet and applauded. Outside, the crowd that had gathered to give the prince a friendly welcome kept the streets and pubs of the tiny town filled with laughter late into the night. Charles slipped away to the royal yacht *Britannia*, where he gave a relaxed dinner party, then left the next day for a triumphal tour of his new principality.

Although bomb threats persisted, acclaim for the young prince pushed into the background, temporarily at least, Welsh resentment over London's economic neglect of their proud land. The vast majority of Welshmen seemed determined to appropriate Charles—and showed it in their smiles, their waving flags and the sheer numbers in which they turned out wherever he went. Even M.P. Gwynfor Evans, president of the Welsh separatist party Plaid Cymru, was impressed. After talking with Charles in the strongly nationalistic city of Carmarthen, Evans conceded: "A very popular young lad."

Imagine a steelmaker leasing jets to airlines.



IMAGINE ARMCO

Early this year Armco became a partner in a new venture, GATX/Armco/Booth.

The company finances leasing of major capital equipment such as jet aircraft, ships, barges, drilling rigs, railroad rolling stock, and industrial machinery. For many

industries, leasing is often an advantageous way to finance their heavy equipment needs.

Our leasing affiliation provides the opportunity to use Armco's financial resources in a new way that fits well with our other operations.

Armco's plan of diversification also has taken us into materials where

you might not expect to find a steel company. Titanium, for example. Specialty fasteners. Subsea equipment. Plastic pipe.

Yes, it may seem strange to connect these

materials—and leasing—with a steel company. But you really shouldn't think of Armco in the same way you think about other steelmakers. Armco is different. Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown, Ohio 45042.



We get a lot of these



out of our coal mines.

We operate open pit coal mines in Illinois.

If you've ever seen the landscape after the strip miners get through with it, you know it's one of the ugliest blotches on the face of the earth. We know. We've stripped quite a bit of landscape ourselves.

But, when we're through mining it, we make it a better piece of land than it was before. Some of our old surface mines have been converted to pasture land. Some have ended up as recreation areas, complete with what's probably the best bass and pike fishing in the Midwest. And we've turned acres of mined-out eyesores into orchards.

Funny thing. Apples taste better grown on old open pit land. The stripping brings to the surface more of the trace elements so essential to healthy plant growth.

We sell about \$10,000 worth of apples a year. But, we do a little better on the coal. In fact, our open pit and deep shaft mines make General Dynamics one of the ten largest coal producers in the country. And we also have important interests in other natural resources. We operate one of the biggest limestone quarries in the world, just outside of Chicago, and we supply more concrete and aggregate to that burgeoning city than any other supplier. We also operate several of the most modern lime plants in the Midwest.



More effective utilization of the earth's resources is just one example of what technology can do when it's handed a problem.

At General Dynamics, we put technology to work solving problems from the bottom of the sea to outer space...and a good bit in between.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

Beautiful garbage.

It seems like everything these days is either disposable or no deposit or no return or use only once.

We eat off paper plates. We go to the beach in paper suits. We throw away enough garbage every year in this country to fill the Panama Canal four times.

Union Carbide has figured out a way of cutting down on the smell and inconvenience of lugging those heavy cans out to the street twice a week.

We've developed a strong polyethylene trash bag (the brand name is Glad®). The smell can't get to you. The bag won't leak. It's disposable. And it makes life a lot easier for the garbage man.

Set the green bag out on a beautiful green lawn and the garbage man will have to look twice to see the beautiful green bag. So will the neighbors.

Garbage can be beautiful.



**UNION
CARBIDE**

THE DISCOVERY COMPANY

PEOPLE

President Nixon could hardly have chosen a more engaging personal emissary to the investiture of the Prince of Wales. **Tricia Nixon** was clearly, as London's admiring *Daily Sketch* put it, "America's little princess." The papers wrote columns on her blonde, Dresden-doll beauty and easy grace as she moved through a schedule that might have daunted a seasoned diplomat: tea with the wife of Prime Minister Harold Wilson, a spate of cocktail parties, and a trip to Wimbledon for the tennis quarterfinals—not to mention the investiture. Even her father's erstwhile opponent Hubert Humphrey was smitten. Humphrey greeted Tricia at a cocktail party with a hug and a kiss and said: "She is a little doll." Meanwhile, back home, the President's other daughter, **Julie Nixon Eisenhower**, was star of her own show. Five days a week, the newest tour guide in the White House now leads groups of 25 tourists through parts of the Executive Mansion ordinarily closed to the public: the Lincoln Bedroom, where, as she tells her charges, Lincoln never slept; the diplomatic reception room where Franklin D. Roosevelt gave his fireside chats by "the only fireplace in the White House that doesn't work," even the secret staircase that she had once used to escape a party. "I just walked out. It was late anyhow," when reporters came to cover one of her supertours last week, Julie offered comment on her approaching 21st birthday. "The biggest thing about it," said she, "is being able to vote."



TRICIA IN LONDON

Diplomacy with a dimple and tours with a twist.

veteran Elysée watchers recall that Charles had his innings on at least one occasion. At a recent state banquet, De Gaulle heard Yvonne venture an opinion on a political subject and snapped: "What do you know about these things?"—after which her banquet conversation was limited to small talk.

Soviet cosmonauts have visited the U.S. three times since 1962, but no American astronaut had ever set foot in the Soviet Union until last week when Apollo 8's Colonel **Frank Borman** flew off with his wife and two sons for a nine-day tour. It was all unofficial—Moscow's invitation came via the Soviet-American Relations Institute—but there were broad hints that Borman would be allowed to see something of the Soviet space complex at Baikonur so far visited by only one Westerner, France's Charles de Gaulle in 1966. In any event, the trip got off to a happy start when Borman tried to say a few words in Russian for the three cosmonauts who greeted him at Moscow airport. "Ya ochen rad . . . [I am very happy . . .]," he began, and then forgot the rest as everyone broke up with laughter.

The bidding at Christie's auction house in London started at \$250,000 and went up by \$50,000 leaps. Finally, the auctioneer called "Sold!" For \$1,159,200, Los Angeles Industrialist and Art Collector **Norton Simon** had acquired a self-portrait made when Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn was in his early 30s. Steep though it was, the price was a record for neither Rembrandt nor Norton Simon. The collector has already spent \$2,200,000 for a portrait of the artist's son and an un-



JULIE IN WASHINGTON

disclosed sum for one of Rembrandt's common-law wife. Said he: "Now I have almost all the family."

In the 36 years since she was declared insane for murdering two women friends, **Winnie Ruth Judd**, "the Blonde Tigress," has escaped seven times from Arizona State Hospital. The last time was Oct. 8, 1962—and no one caught up with her until last month, when an alert California policeman checked the fingerprints of a housekeeper known as Marian Lane. Now Winnie, 64, has engaged Lawyer **Melvin Belli**, the flamboyant defender of Jack Ruby, to prove that she is a rehabilitated woman. He has only one reservation about taking the case: "When she called me, she wanted me to take care of her two poodles. But I told her I'm the king of torts, not a veterinarian."

In the fast-moving world of Washington, the case of **Abe Fortas** has ceased to be prime dinner-party conversation. But in Fortas' old law firm of Arnold & Porter, the debate over the embattled ex-Supreme Court Justice continued for weeks and posed an agonizing dilemma: Should the firm welcome him back? The decision lay with the 34 partners, and at first many seemed inclined to forgive Fortas' questionable relationship with convicted Stock Manipulator Louis Wolfson. Then a number of partners began to harden their view. In the end, only Founding Partners Paul Porter and Thurman Arnold argued strongly for their old colleague (Fortas' wife Carolyn, also a partner, abstained). By an overwhelming majority, the partners have now reached "an understanding": Fortas will not be taken back.

Huntington Hartford's initial education in publishing lasted four years, cost \$7,000,000 and was called *Show* magazine (it folded in 1965). Last week Hunt announced he is coming back for more, as associate publisher of a new (come October) trade weekly, *Entertainment World*, and as editor in chief of a new (come January) monthly devoted to motion pictures. Its hauntingly familiar title: *Show* magazine. At the press conference called to announce the new ventures, Hartford's luck ran true to form: the invitations were delayed and only one reporter showed up.

According to Alain de Gaulle, nephew of France's retired President, **le grand Charles** did not stand so tall at home. In fact, writes Alain in an article sold to British, French and American publications, he could be defined as "henpecked." Alain relates that *Tante Yvonne* cured her husband's fondness for Scotch whisky by adding coffee to his glass, kept the household account book and slipped a hair between the pages so she would know if the President tried to peek. She thriftily bought the presidential shirts, socks and underwear at the Bon Marché, a sort of Parisian Macy's, and once was heard to remark: "You're running France. I'm running the house." Be that as it may,

MEDICINE

DRUGS

Heroin and Death

The victims ranged in age from 15 to 35. They were found in abandoned buildings, in hallways, on rooftops and in basements throughout New York City. Some still had needles protruding from their arms. All were heroin users, and their deaths were causing unusual concern last week—even in a city where heroin abuse killed a total of 650 people last year and more people in the 15-to-35 age group than did murder or disease or any other single cause, including automobile accidents.

Especially disturbing was the soaring

Helpern says, "because each addict's tolerance to heroin can vary not only from week to week but from day to day, depending on how much he has been using."

Even when the heroin dose is not strong enough to cause sudden death, its depressive effect on the respiratory system can bring on severe lung congestion resulting in death within a few hours. Most other heroin deaths are due to viral or bacterial infections carried by the needle. These infections include endocarditis, an inflammation of the heart valves, tetanus, which kills few people aside from addicts nowadays, and viral hepatitis.

idence had accumulated that the National Foundation-March of Dimes called an emergency meeting of top geneticists to consider the problem. The geneticists were properly hesitant to report outright that LSD causes leukemia. Nevertheless, they observed that the cells of people who had used LSD showed a high incidence of the kind of chromosome breaks and abnormalities characteristic of leukemia. The abnormalities occurred four to five times more frequently among LSD users than among nonusers, said Dr. Cohen.

Discussing the young Australian leukemia victim in the June 28 issue of the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. O. Margaret Garson and Meryl K. Robson moved a little closer to blaming LSD directly for the abnormalities. "The as-



DEAD ADDICT IN MANHATTAN



TWO DEAD ADDICTS IN QUEENS

Purity might have been the problem.

death rate. On an average weekend in New York, five heroin fatalities are reported, but during the last weekend in June the number rose to 24, an increase of almost 500%.

Cut with Quinine. The upsurge could have been caused either by toxic adulterants or, on the contrary, by unusually pure and therefore more potent supplies of the drug. (Heroin pushers usually "cut" or dilute the drug with sugar and quinine.) No toxic agents have yet been discovered, however, suggesting that uncommonly pure "bags" of the drug, peddled by a pusher anxious to enlarge his clientele by offering quality merchandise, might be responsible.

Heroin is usually injected directly into a vein or "mainlined," and it soon slows down vital functions. A large enough dose will stop them altogether. Yet it is often difficult to determine the exact cause of death. Dr. Milton Helpern, New York City's chief medical examiner, says that there is no clear evidence of simple overdose in the great majority of heroin deaths. Instead, 90% are caused by what he calls an "acute reaction" to the drug or its adulterants. "We don't like to call them overdoses,"

LSD and Leukemia

In 1967, more than a year after he began using lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), a 19-year-old U.S. college freshman was admitted to New York's Presbyterian Hospital complaining of fever and malaise. After extensive laboratory tests, his ailment was diagnosed as acute leukemia, or "cancer of the blood," a fatal disease of the blood-forming organs. At about the same time, a 22-year-old Australian suffering from an obsessive-compulsive neurosis was treated with LSD injections for two months. A year later, suffering from fatigue, pallor, bleeding gums, rashes and an "influenza-like illness," he too was found to be a victim of acute leukemia.

Chromosome Breaks. Two cases obviously do not prove that "acid" is leukemogenic as well as hallucinogenic. For more than two years, however, laboratory evidence connecting LSD and leukemia has been mounting. Cell damage from LSD was first reported in March 1967 by a team of researchers headed by Dr. Maimon M. Cohen at the State University of New York in Buffalo. Within six months, so much evi-

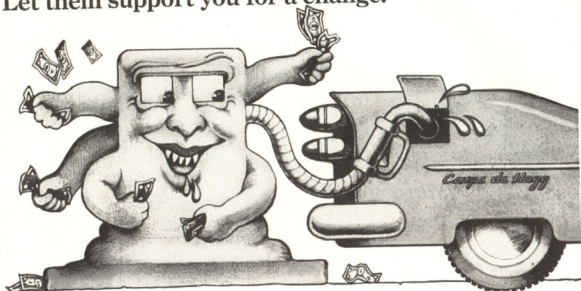
sociation between the ingestion of lysergide and the occurrence of acute leukemia may be casual rather than causal," they wrote, "but certain unusual features in our case suggest that it may be causal." Among these features were the patient's unusual bone-marrow chromosome pattern and the presence of large cells containing multiple micronucleoli. Dr. Lionel Grossbard and colleagues at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, who reported the case of the U.S. college student in the *A.M.A. Journal*, were somewhat more cautious in their conclusions. Further evidence is needed, they said, before the relationship between LSD and leukemia can be conclusively established.

PUBLIC HEALTH

Auditing the Doctors

As Medicare marked its third birthday last week, its growing pains were all too evident. Both Medicare, the federally financed program that pays hospital bills for all Americans over 65, and the related Medicaid, which is financed jointly by Washington and the states and assists the poor of all ages,

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WHAT'S NEW

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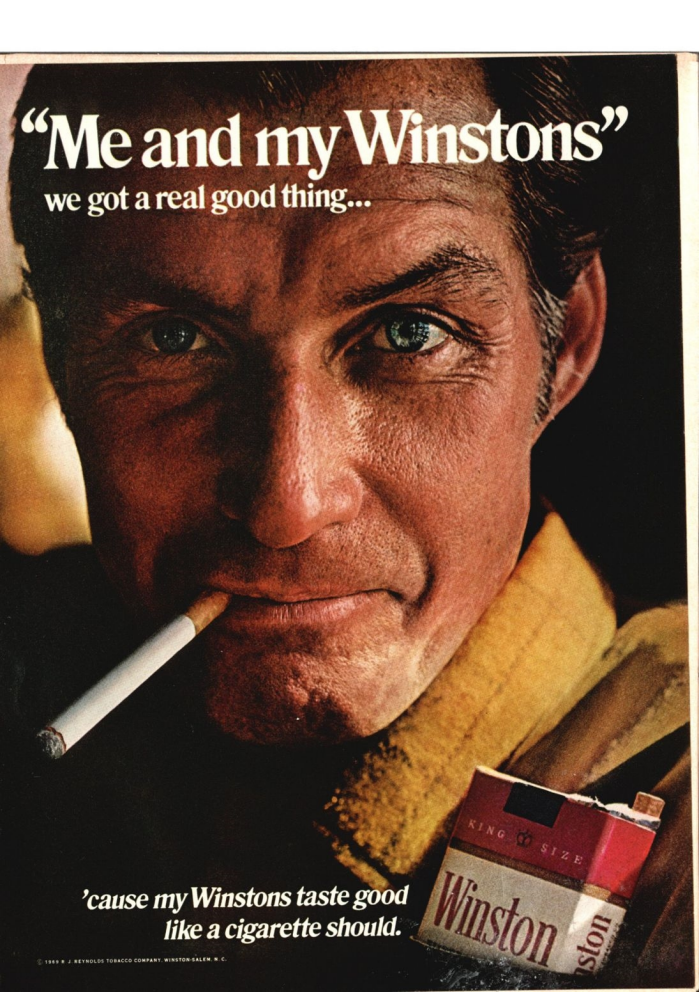
have been plagued by huge cost underestimates, administrative tangles and messy scandals. Now doctors who treat patients under both programs will have to contend with the Internal Revenue Service and Senate investigators.

In Washington last week, as the Senate Finance Committee began hearings into alleged abuses, Chairman Russell B. Long told IRS representatives that he had evidence of kickback arrangements involving nursing homes, doctors and drug suppliers. At the same time, the IRS announced that it planned to conduct a special audit of the income tax returns of an estimated 10,000 doctors who had received more than \$25,000 apiece in Medicare and Medicaid payments from the Government last year.

Last-Minute Reprieve. The prospect that even a few doctors were overbilling the state and federal governments was especially disturbing in view of the states' growing reluctance or inability to shoulder their share of Medicaid's relentlessly spiraling costs. So far only 40 states have set up Medicaid programs (the 40th, Virginia, began operation last week), and some have already been forced to cut back services. Last week close to 200,000 of New York City's low-income Medicaid recipients were dropped from the rolls when the state lowered the eligibility level to an annual income of \$5,000 for a family of four. New Mexico last May withdrew from the Medicaid program altogether in hopes of re-entering at a lower level of services.

Concerned about Medicaid's rising costs, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare issued a new regulation last week designed to limit the fees charged by doctors and dentists. Such fees accounted for about 29% of the \$2.4 billion spent by Washington and the states on Medicaid last year (the Federal Government spent an additional \$6 billion on Medicare). Under present regulations, Medicaid fees are determined by the states. The new rule establishes federal standards that will limit fees in most states to the level that prevailed last January. Increases will be permitted, but only under a formula based on the consumer price index. The new regulation is expected to save about \$65 million in its first year of operation and substantially more later.

National Goals. The Senate meanwhile passed and sent to the House a measure that would permit states to reduce certain Medicaid services without risking the loss of federal aid. Under the bill, states would still be required to provide basic services: hospital and nursing-home care, outpatient treatment, preventive care for children, physicians' fees, laboratory costs and X rays. But the states would be permitted to drop coverage of dental care, prescription drugs and eyeglasses. The Senate measure will enable financially pressed states to cut burgeoning costs without abandoning their Medicaid programs altogether.



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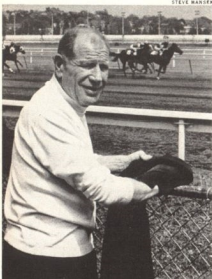
SPORT

HORSE RACING

Barnum's Back

After he sold his controlling interest in the Chicago White Sox in 1961, Bill Veeck never stopped itching to "get involved again with people." In his best-selling 1962 autobiography *Veeck—As in Wreck*, he vowed: "Look for me under the arc lights, boys, I'll be back." Now, thumping the promotional drums as loudly as ever, the old Barnum of baseball has returned—but not to baseball. He is the new president and part owner of East Boston's Suffolk Downs race track.

Though a rank novice at horse racing, Veeck, 55, is already shaking up the Establishment. Astonished that the average age of the racing fan is 52, he



STEVE WANDER

VEECK AT SUFFOLK DOWNS
Nine times the excitement.

went to Superior Court and in June won a decision reversing the Massachusetts Racing Commission's ban on children at the track. "I may not know much about horses," said Veeck, "but I do know that we've got to get the young ones in to develop new players." Besides, says Veeck, the father of nine: "Why shouldn't kids be able to see what their old man is up to?"

Lady Godiva. Such talk has drawn flocks of curious adults to Suffolk Downs to see what "Ole Bill," as he calls himself, has been up to since taking over six months ago. The answer, as usual, is plenty. Built in 1935 on the site of an East Boston dump, Suffolk Downs seemed to be reverting to its original state. Veeck took one look at his new property and condemned it as "a combination money machine and concentration camp."

Veeck immediately launched a

\$1,000,000 refurbishing program. The façade of sickly Suffolk green was replaced with vibrant yellow along with occasional splashes of cool blue and hot red. He personally took a sledgehammer to the dingy rest rooms, did away with pay toilets, ripped the barbed wire off the fences, ordered 24 apple trees planted in the infield and reduced the admission fee to \$1.50 for both the clubhouse and the grandstand. "Notice the new green carpet in the clubhouse," he readily tells passersby. "Color is so important."

So is what happens on the track. On opening day three months ago, Veeck parlayed the current publicity for girl jockeys into a \$10,000 Lady Godiva Handicap ("Eight fillies on eight fillies"). Two weeks ago, he introduced the \$252,750 Yankee Gold Cup, America's richest race on grass.

Technically, the race was a fiasco; among other things, Veeck allowed 14 starters—at least two too many for comfort on the narrow track. Still, he insists that the event was remarkably successful as a trial run. "After all," he says, "we're showing people that we're trying to improve the quality of the sport in this area." Quality, in fact, is the keynote of Veeck's latest pitch. "You shoot off your fireworks and pull your stunts," he says, "but all that is frosting on the cake. Great racing is the thing."

Lots of Frosting. It is, but Veeck still does not stint on the frosting. In recent weeks, he has rewarded fans with such door prizes as 2,000 coloring books, a lifetime supply of balloons and 1,000 hot dogs. Between races, he has minstrels strolling around the grandstand. To lure more women to the betting windows, he is talking about exchanging trading stamps for each losing ticket.

The gimmickry recalls the Veeck of old, who was baseball's most imaginative impresario. While operating the Cleveland Indians (1946-49), the St. Louis Browns (1951-53) and the White Sox (1959-61), he annoyed fellow owners by introducing jugglers and tightrope walkers into the pre-game festivities and staging cow-milking contests for players. Though Veeck is perhaps best remembered as the man who sent a 3-ft. 7-in. midget to bat against the Detroit Tigers,* he also performed some praise-worthy services for the game. He broke the color barrier in the American League by hiring Outfielder Larry Doby in 1947, set attendance records (his 1948 season total of 2,620,627 is still an American League mark) and led both the Indians and the White Sox to pennants. Such Veeck innovations as exploding scoreboards and relief pitchers riding

* He walked on four straight balls. The league instantly outlawed midgets, prompting Veeck to ask if, at 5 ft. 6 in., Yankee Shortstop Phil Rizzuto classified as "a short ball-player or a tall midget?"

in from the bullpen on golf carts are now standard.

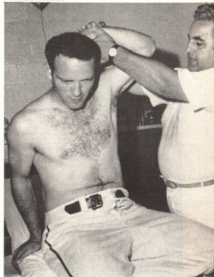
The trouble was, says Veeck, "baseball was becoming boring. More games, more clubs, less talent and duller stretches than ever before." He opted for horse racing because "nine times a day you have something exciting happening. That's something most ball clubs can't guarantee these days." Win or lose, he says, "we promise that the fan will have a little fun." Even more, once Veeck gets around to installing the steam calliope that he recently bought.

BASEBALL

Flying High

Pity the poor Baltimore fan, for this is not his year. He saw the supposedly invincible football Colts humiliated by the New York Jets 16-7 in January's Super Bowl; three months later he

FRANCIS D'ENNA



McNALLY WITH TRAINER
Hardly a one-bird flock.

watched in utter disbelief as the Bulls, boasting the best record in the National Basketball Association, managed to blow four straight games in the play-offs to the New York Knicks. But hope is on the wing again. Last week, at the season's midpoint, baseball's highflying Orioles enjoyed a lavish 101-game lead over the second-place Boston Red Sox in the American League's Eastern Division. With a won-lost percentage over .700—by far the best in either league—the Orioles have clearly established themselves as the team to beat in 1969.

A sizable share of the credit goes to Pitcher Dave McNally, 26, a smooth, powerful left-hander. Last season, he won 14 games and lost only two after the All-Star break, winding up with a 22-10 record as the Orioles finished in second place behind the Detroit Tigers. This year he has already won eleven straight games. His overpowering performance



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June 27, 1969

has given the club a quality it had sorely lacked—leadership for a fitfully effective mound staff.

As far as the record books show, McNally is one of the few major-league players in history from Montana. Though Billings Central Catholic High School did not even have a baseball team, McNally made an impressive mark in American Legion ball. In 1960 he carried Post 4 to the Legion World Series with a brilliant 18-1 record that included five no-hitters and 259 strikeouts in 105 innings. In the Series, he struck out 47 batters in three games, and scouts from ten teams scrambled for him. Baltimore finally picked up the 17-year-old fire-baller with an \$80,000 bonus and packed him off to the Victoria, Tex., Rosebuds.

Two years and 23 minor-league victories later, McNally made his debut with the Orioles by pitching a two-hit shutout against the Kansas City Athletics and winning a permanent place in the starting rotation. But then he became one of those supposedly sure bets that never quite pays off. Until last year, he had only one good season (13-6); that was 1966, the year the Orioles won the pennant and took the World Series in four straight. In 1967, he tore a tendon and developed something of a paunch, finished the year with a disappointing 7-7 record. Before the start of the 1968 season, however, he underwent some strenuous arm therapy to stretch the tendon, lost 15 lbs. and showed up for spring training in mint condition for the first time in years. His slider, an essential pitch for a lefthander throwing to a right-handed batter, returned better than ever. McNally was on his way.

Broken Laces. Now he is one of the most respected pitchers in baseball. Perhaps his chief asset is strength. Although his motion is deceptively smooth, McNally comes off the mound so hard that he regularly snaps his shoelaces. As evidenced by last year's performance, his 5-ft. 11-in., 190-lb. frame is not easily sapped by the heat. Says Manager Earl Weaver: "Dave has it all, and when he puts it together, it can be a no-hitter any time he pitches. When his control is right, he's just about unbeatable."

For all McNally's invincibility, the Orioles are hardly a one-bird flock. Pitchers Tom Phoebus and Jim Palmer have 16 wins against four losses between them. Slugger Frank Robinson has snapped back after a dismal season last year, and is currently the league's second best hitter with 17 home runs and an average hovering around .330. Outfielder Paul Blair is also among the league's top ten batters, and First Baseman Boog Powell is second in RBIs with 70. All that supporting power should make the Orioles a shoo-in for the American League playoffs. Still, Baltimore's oft-burned fans can be pardoned for glancing over their shoulders occasionally and wondering whether things will look as good come October as they do in July.

TIME, JULY 11, 1969



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RELIGION

ECUMENISM

Worship in the East Room

How does a President worship? Unnoticed by his aides and security guards, Harry S. Truman once slipped away to services at a church near the White House, but he was probably the last Chief Executive who would do so. Dwight Eisenhower went regularly to the National Presbyterian Church; since the murder of John Kennedy, the Secret Service has frowned on that because of the predictable pattern it could create for potential assassins. The free-wheeling, ecumenical church-hopping of Lyndon Johnson created a different kind of security problem, as well as a weekly show. Richard Nixon has resolved the situation by holding Sunday religious services in the White House itself.

The idea was the President's own. It began with his request to Billy Graham, a longtime friend, to conduct informal prayers there shortly after the Inauguration. Since then, there have been seven other Sunday services in the East Room. The enthusiastic response from invited religious leaders and the usual crowd of 280 or so high-ranking guests has made the ecumenical worship ceremonies into something of a new White House institution.

"Little Gems," Nixon is not the first President to have religious observances in the White House. Evangelist Graham conducted a service for Lyndon Johnson and 75 guests last summer. But Nixon is the first to hold services regularly. Among the White House preachers since Graham have been the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Terence Cardinal Cooke, Rabbi Louis Fin-

kelstein, chancellor of New York's Jewish Theological Seminary, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale of Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church, and Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy, general secretary of the National Council of Churches.

Despite the different faiths of the presiding clergymen, the half-hour service is recognizably Protestant in style. It usually begins with a Christian doxology and a short prayer, followed by a hymn—such solid traditional fare as *Faith of Our Fathers* or *O God, Our Help in Ages Past*—led by a visiting choir. The sermons, about twelve minutes long, are usually extemporaneous. Pat Nixon calls them "little gems" and plans to privately publish a collection in booklet form. There follows another hymn, benediction, and adjournment to the State Dining Room for coffee and sweet rolls.

The Christian flavor of the services was maintained even during the visit two Sundays ago of Rabbi Finkelstein and a number of Jewish guests. Though Finkelstein intoned a Jewish hymn, *Adon Olam*, at the end of the service, the Lutheran guest choir sang a traditional doxology, *Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow*—a hymn that specifically glorifies the Trinity. Although some eyebrows were raised, Nixon aides explained that this particular hymn was always part of the services, and Rabbi Finkelstein confirmed that he had been informed of it in advance. Finkelstein acknowledged that he "did not exactly jump for joy" at the idea, but considered it the President's prerogative. "After all," he said, "it's his house. I did not hear a word of criticism from anybody."

Initially, there were some adverse clerical comments about what the *Christian Century* described as a "coupling of spirituality and political sentimentality" (TIME, Feb. 7). But the East Room services have elicited many more letters of praise than criticism, and the Nixons definitely plan to continue them.

VISIONS

The Image of Mr. Christ

It was exactly ten minutes after seven on Thursday evening, June 12, that Mrs. Lela Bass, 73, stood combing her long gray hair in the backyard of her white frame house in Port Neches, Texas. Casually she turned and saw for the first time an eerie outline etched in the plastic of her backdoor screen: a bearded, long-haired man with a halo, looking east toward a fig tree in the yard. It was, she was certain, Jesus Christ. Neighbors spread the word, and since then, more than 50,000 curious visitors have descended on the Bass home to share his vision.

Port Neches is a bleak Gulf Coast industrial town that is also intensely religious. On Sundays, most of its 10,000 inhabitants troop loyally to one or another of the town's 35 churches; some



MRS. BASS'S SCREEN DOOR
Seeing what they need.

have so much fundamentalist fear of the Lord that they respectfully refer to Jesus as "Mr. Christ." The shared excitement over the phenomenon has brought blacks and whites together in a proximity unusual for Port Neches; but the two races sometimes differ on what they see. One white farmer, who claims that he has taken some 25 photographs showing images of "the Christ Child, the Virgin Mary, the Three Wise Men, and angels," scoffed at Negro viewers. "These niggers come away saying they've seen Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy and J.F.K. Boy, those people sure have an imagination."

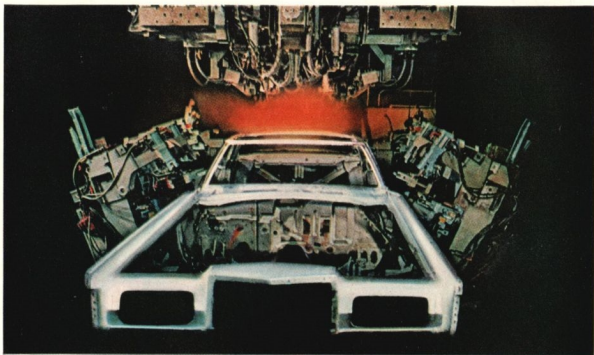
No Tampering. The tide of visitors keeps a constant daily crowd of 300 to 500 people on hand from dawn until late evening, reducing the Bass's backyard to dust and littering it with Polaroid film waste. Mrs. Bass, though, rejoices that the vision has brought her 78-year-old husband back to churchgoing. She is undisturbed by the variety of reported visions ("Everyone's seeing what they need") and by the relic hunters who tore her fig tree apart for souvenirs and crushed what was left of it. ("Maybe the Lord intended for them to take it home.")

According to TIME Correspondent David De Voss, "There is an image on the screen—a profile view of a man that looks like the picture of Christ we all know. There appears to have been no tampering with the screen." The most likely rational explanation is that the screen acquired the image by the effects of normal weathering and its juxtaposition over an inner screen. But for Mrs. Bass the image is a true "sign from God." She believes now that it explains a mysterious "revelation" she had some 35 years ago, when, one day in prayer, she saw "hundreds of saved people coming toward me." Saved or not, at week's end they were still coming.



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"The Flag should never be displayed with the union down save as a signal of dire distress."
—Public Law #623, Sec. 4, Par. (a)

What so proudly we hailed.

While most of us began a long week-end playing, sleeping or sitting in the sun...and some of us were hating, baiting and tearing America down...40,000 people in Denmark gathered on a hillside to celebrate our Fourth of July.

Hundreds of thousands of other Danes watched the ceremonies on television. (A turn-out equivalent to 2 million Americans assembled in one place, and perhaps 20 million watching TV.)

The Danes have been doing this for 57 years.

Because they venerate what so proudly we hailed: The pride, The principle. The unity.

When the Nazis went foraging for Danish Jews, other Danes hid them. All of them. When they took hostages and offered to swap them for Jews, the Minister of Defense announced, "There is no point in exchanging one Dane for another."

The occupation told King Christian to order all Jews to wear yellow arm-bands. He asked all *Danes* to wear yellow arm-bands.

"I shall be the first to wear one," he said, "And I consider it the highest order of Denmark."

No one in Denmark thought this was remarkable. All Danes simply, and successfully, defended all Danes. Isn't that what our Declaration of Independence was about?

Isn't that why Denmark honors our Fourth of July? And isn't *that* something to think about before the next long week-end?



THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Are Courts More Severe

With Black Defendants?

A common complaint among many Negroes—and more than a few whites—is that U.S. justice is all too often far from color-blind. Three recent criminal cases, all involving youthful Negro defendants and all leading to harsh sentences, have prompted black and white citizens alike to protest the severity of the courts.

► In Harrisburg, Pa., three Negro teenagers pleaded guilty to the charge of shooting a 64-year-old man to death during a bank robbery last December. Despite the guilty plea, which normally enables the accused to avoid the death penalty, Samuel Barlow, 18, Foster Tarver, 17, and Sharon Wiggins, 17, were sentenced to die in the electric chair for first-degree murder. To be sure, the three had not shown any mercy to George Morelock, a bank customer who was shot six times when he advanced toward Sharon after being ordered to stand against a wall. "This was a murder in cold blood," said one of the three judges who handed down the death sentence.

A committee that has been formed to aid the convicted teenagers argues that execution is unjustified in view of the offenders' youth and the fact that they had thrown themselves on the mercy of the court. The Rev. Frank Horton, a Negro minister who heads the committee, asks: "Would three white youths have received the same punishment?"

► On the day Martin Luther King Jr. was buried in April 1968, five young Negroes in Benson, N.C., set fire to a rundown service station that was known as a Ku Klux Klan hangout. Damages came to less than \$100, but last October the five youths were sentenced to twelve years apiece in prison. A month ago, Judge William Bickett frankly confessed that he might have been guilty of "bad judgment" in the cases of Percy Valle Barfield, 17, Frederick Lockamy, 18, Leo Stewart Jr., 19, Dubois Scotty Gather, 20, and Jesse Jones, 21. Bickett noted that a race riot had broken out in the Benson area before the time of the trial and admitted that he intended the severe sentences as a "deterrent."

Probably hoping that Bickett himself will recommend a reduction in the sentences, Governor Robert Scott has yet to act on a plea for executive clemency. A biracial group called the "Committee for Equal Justice" is circulating petitions on behalf of the imprisoned youths.

► In a Connecticut court, four Negro boys were convicted by an all-white jury in October of raping a 14-year-old white girl named Donna Papineau. One of them, 16-year-old Cary Palmer, was sent to the state reformatory at Cheshire. His two brothers, 17 and 19, along with a 19-year-old cousin named Arturo Palmer, a college-scholarship winner, were given prison terms ranging from nine to 16 years. The only eyewitness was Donna, who testified that the boys forced her into a car in Stamford and took her to an apartment where all four beat and raped her. Cary

FRANCIS SMITH—POST GAZETTE



WIGGINS & TARVER AFTER ARREST
Far from color-blind.

did not take the stand, but the other three defendants testified that they had not had intercourse with Donna. One of the brothers said that they had picked Donna up at her request—after she said that she had quarreled with her mother for "fooling around" with Cary. The defense also introduced a letter from Donna inviting Cary to her home and promising that "nobody will be there."

In a petition for a new trial, the Palmers accuse their first lawyer of "inexperience, incompetency and/or neglect" in defending them. Among other points, they charge that the attorney did not file essential pre-trial motions, took no exception to "prejudicial evidence" and failed to contest the composition of the jury. Backing the family in the legal battle is a Connecticut committee formed to "Remember the Palmers."

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BEHAVIOR

Reinforcement Therapy: Short Cut to Sanity?

EIGHT years ago, Jane S. listened numbly to voices from what she called the "optimal world." They told her to wear heavy clothing in summer, to avoid bathing or speaking to people and never to leave Illinois' Anna State Hospital. For 27 years, she had been considered an incurable schizophrenic. Today, Jane lives in a small town working as a companion to an elderly woman. She shows no sign of ever having been a mental patient.

Jane's rescue from the subhuman ex-

periment on a small group of vegetable-like psychotic children who were capable of no other utterances than guttural noises in their throats. Lovaas waited until they were hungry, then gave them a taste of sugar-coated cornflakes. Next, he held up a few flakes before the children and waited for them to make a sound. When they did, he immediately gave each of them another flake and said "Good!" After a few more attempts, he pressed their lips together, demonstrated the sound of

JAMES R. LEST



REINFORCEMENT THERAPY PATIENTS AT HOSPITAL PARTY

Sustained and potent challenge to Freud.

istence of a mental-hospital ward is one of several hundred dramatic improvements that have been achieved by a relatively new—and hotly debated—technique known as reinforcement therapy. Unlike psychiatric techniques which seek to deal with deep-seated causes of a patient's psychosis, reinforcement therapy concentrates on controlling and guiding everyday behavior. Its basic principle is that the residual signs of normality in an insane person should be encouraged by praise and applause—in effect, reinforced and taught with the help of tangible rewards.

Sugar-Coated. The principles that underlie reinforcement therapy go back to Russia's Ivan Pavlov, whose classic experiments with salivating dogs first proved that human and animal reflexes could be conditioned. His theories were expanded by the greatest living exponent of behaviorism, Harvard Psychologist B. F. Skinner, who demonstrated that rats, pigeons and even men are influenced by the consequences that their actions have. This principle, the reinforcement therapists insist, applies also to mental patients previously thought to be beyond psychiatric help.

In one early experiment, Psychologist Ivar Lovaas of U.C.L.A. tried out re-

"mmmm" and rewarded the children with praise and cereal when they imitated him. In several weeks of painstaking work, the children learned to make several sounds, then combinations of sounds and finally words before getting their rewards. Although their illness has not disappeared, most of these once "hopeless" children are now functioning at the level of five-year-olds.

Neatly Dressed. An even more challenging experiment in reinforcement therapy was begun eight years ago by Psychologists Teodoro Ayllon and Nathan Azrin at Anna State Hospital. In a ward of 46 chronic female schizophrenics and mental defectives, they exposed patients to the pleasures of cigarettes, television, a choice of roommates, social events and even walks around the hospital grounds. Then they announced that, henceforth, patients would have to "buy" everything except regular meals, a bed in the least desirable room and their prescribed medicines. They could earn metal "tokens" to make purchases simply by demonstrating normal behavior. Attendants then began handing out tokens for the largest amount of useful behavior that each patient could manage at the time.

For some women, merely appearing

neatly dressed for breakfast was enough to start their tokens; patients who had spent all day in a rocking chair were paid to get up and observe a job being done, then paid a little more for helping to accomplish it, and then obliged to pay rent for the chair. Withdrawn patients were paid for speaking to others.

Soon 30% of the patients were able to earn tokens for working six hours a day in jobs such as laboratory assistant or clerical worker. Just as important, unrewarded behavior—including tantrums and imaginary conversations with spirits—declined drastically. As they saved up tokens for such expensive items as trips to town, most patients began to exercise the "normal" mental processes of choice and thinking ahead.

Most of the original Anna State patients increased their ability to work usefully within the ward; 21 of them have been discharged and are in "halfway houses," being cared for by their families or living on their own. For them, no tokens are required. Says Azrin: "The natural satisfactions of this world take over. The jobs the patients do and the friends they make keep it going."

Comparable rescue rates have been recorded in most of the 50-odd other U.S. institutions that are now using reinforcement technique. In the not too distant future, Azrin believes, "virtually all state mental-hospital patients can be discharged into sheltered halfway-house care." Reinforcement therapy has also been used with apparent success to treat alcoholics, autistic children and even unhappily married couples. Leonard Krasner, a pioneering reinforcement therapist at the State University of New York's Stony Brook campus, predicts that "within ten or fifteen years, many of the present techniques of psychotherapy will generally be acknowledged to be archaic, ineffective and inadequate."

Firmly Established. Most mental-health experts still need to be convinced. For one thing, the exhaustive follow-up studies required to assess the possible limitations of behavioral therapy are just beginning. Psychiatrists wonder how thorough and long-lasting any behavioral treatment—reinforcement or otherwise—can be. To them, "sick" or unusual behavior is a sign of underlying psychosis; no matter how many external symptoms are extinguished, they fear that the deeper problem will keep rising to the surface. Reinforcement experts answer that they have yet to see such "symptom substitution" in their patients.

At a more practical level, behaviorists concede that reinforcement techniques have not so far been fully effective in teaching the full range of skills needed to cope with many daily strains. Some reinforcement experts go further and admit that behavior therapy probably cannot replace other techniques completely. Allen Bergin, a Columbia University psychologist says that "the behavioral therapist can handle a few things quite well. But what can he do when a totally depressed, alienated per-



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son comes into his office and bemoans the purposelessness of his life?"

Still, the practical results are hard to dismiss, and the behavioristic approach has become a sustained, potent challenge to the dominance of Freudian-influenced psychiatry. Azrin contends that "the promise that these techniques have shown in the mental hospital justifies their being tried out in every other area." In his more whimsical moments, Azrin likes to think that behavior therapy will eventually follow the paradigm of progress once proposed by Charles F. Kettering, inventor of the first successful electric automobile self-starter. "First they tell you you're wrong, and then they can prove it," said Kettering. "Then they tell you you're right, but it's not important. Then they tell you it's important, but they've known it for years."

CROWDS

The Line-Up

Why do people stand in line when their chances of getting to see a hit movie or play are obviously hopeless? At Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House, legions of trusting souls regularly queue up hours before the box office opens to sell its small ration of tickets for a popular performance. The fans who stay up all night waiting to buy World Series tickets almost always exceed the modest supply.

Apparently, a particular kind of gambler's delusion is involved in queueing. Leon Mann, a social psychologist at Harvard, and K. F. Taylor of the University of Melbourne, report in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* that people in lines are possessed of a curious sixth sense that subconsciously spots the "critical point" when the supply of tickets will give out. Yet instead of giving up and going home, latecomers succumb to an ersatz optimism and delude themselves into thinking that the line is shorter than it really is.

Mann and Taylor discovered the existence of this quirk by spending a summer month questioning people waiting in lines at sporting events or movie houses. With uncanny precision, the researchers found, the mood of the queuers changed at the mysterious but universally recognizable dividing point. Ahead of it, people estimated the length of the line and their chances of success quite accurately; often they would overestimate the number of people ahead of them as a pessimistic cushion against being disappointed. But just behind the point, people consistently underestimated the size of the crowd ahead of them. The latecomer, the researchers conclude, is one of a special, desperate breed. He is blessed—or cursed—with an automatic mechanism for justifying the folly of sticking around and for "reassuring himself that his prospects are still good." The point in a line where pessimists shade into optimists, Mann and Taylor imply, is a good place for cooler heads to decide on quitting.

MUSIC

ENTERTAINERS

Ladies' Man

Tom Jones thinks that the only thing his women fans really want to unbutton is their emotions. "That's as far as it goes," he insists. "If I really went after a girl in the theater, I'm sure she'd run a mile." These days, some people find that hard to believe. At the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Jones launched into *I Want a Woman*, and a chic brunette leaped atop a table and offered herself. Part of the act? Perhaps. Another woman tossed her room key onto the stage. If that was part of the

male spectators is the way he writhes to a funky beat, tears off his tie, slashes the air rhythmically with both arms and strains his pelvis and thigh muscles against trousers that seem to have been sprayed on. He is taunting the women in the audience as much as any torch singer ever taunted a man. As Jones puts it: "I'm trying to get across to the audience that I'm alive—all of it, the emotion and the sex and the power, the heartbeat and the bloodstream, are all theirs for the asking."

Unlike the pubescent teen-agers who once doted on Elvis and Frank Sinatra, the Jones fans are primarily well-coiffed young matrons. Jones has programmed his entire career style around his appeal to the mature woman, starting with the neat trim that edges his thick, curly head of hair, and continuing with his tuxedo and matching vest. "You can sing to the kids in a pair of denims, long hair and a sweatshirt," he says, "but not to the adults." ABC has had no trouble at all selling commercial spots to makers of sewing machines, bras, eye makeup and suntan lotion.

Bigness Has Its Price. Thomas Jones Woodward, son of a coal miner, had an inauspicious start in his home town of Pontypridd, Wales. Trying to stay out of the mines as a youth, he chose instead to crowsbar his way into movies, drink with the boys and fight in the streets. That was a far cry from his younger days when his mother would take him to the women's guild or the grocery store to warble popular songs like *Ghost Riders in the Sky*. Tom had to answer for every song to the fellows in the back alley—usually with fists.

Manager Mills found Jones singing in a Welsh pub in 1963 under the name Tommy Scott, brought him to London, and shortened his real name to Tom Jones to capitalize on the popularity of the movie starring Albert Finney. Mills even wrote the words for Jones' first hit song, a ballad called *It's Not Unusual*. It was followed by such top hits as *What's New, Pussycat?* and *Green, Green Grass of Home*. Suddenly, Jones was a red-hot property.

In Las Vegas last week, Jones was finding the dry desert air hard on his voice. That was nothing compared with the trouble Mills and a handful of security guards were having keeping Jones and mobs of adoring females apart. Much of the time Jones sat in the dank, limp atmosphere created by the six steaming vaporizers spread strategically around his suite, watching TV, sipping bourbon, and playing host to an entourage of handlers. It is possible that he thought at times of his tranquil 20-room mansion in Weybridge, Surrey, which he shares with his wife Linda, a childhood girl friend whom he married at 16, and their 12-year-old son Mark. The Joneses' drawing-room fireplace is decorated with a black Stetson, spurs,



JONES AT THE FLAMINGO
More from the throat than the heart.

act, her husband knew nothing about it: red-faced, he had to plod backstage later to retrieve it.

At 29, Welsh-born Pop Singer Jones is the hottest entertainer in the U.S. Six of his nine LPs are on the *Billboard* chart, and the latest four have won gold records in the past two months. His weekly TV show on ABC is clobbering the competition as a summer rerun. For his two-week engagement at Manhattan's Copacabana in May, the lines began forming as early as 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Flamingo paid him \$280,000 for four weeks, and he paid them back by selling out every concert.

Sprayed-On Trousers. Jones' manager, Gordon Mills, has a one-word explanation for the fuss: "Sex." That is accurate enough—and the effect is carefully calculated. When Jones growls through a song in a black, bluesy style, the emotion seems to come more from the throat than the heart. The throat itself is a bit suspect; his keening, virile baritone has an alarming tendency to wobble. What seems to matter to fe-

stirrups, and a holstered revolver, a lingering reflection of his boyhood fascination with the American West. "I can't read books," Jones says. "Sometimes I can go through three pages and have to turn back to see what I've read. My mind wanders." That is understandable: a man has a lot of decisions to make when he earns \$2,400,-000 a year, as Jones will in 1969.

COUNTRY

Whoops and Foghorns

Spivey's Corner (pop. 100), North Carolina, had its big day in history last week. It was there that once and for all they drew the line between hollerin' and hollerin', in the goldarnedest

of delivery. Some hollers were based on familiar hymn tunes, like *Amazing Grace* or *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*. Still others sounded like coyotes baying at the moon. The hollerer had to focus his tone sharply, like a diva trying to reach the upper balcony. To do this, some hollerers relied on a yodeling style in which every note was sung twice, a vibrating octave or so apart. A holler could be used to report distress, or good news—the recovery of a sick mule, the completion of spring plowing, the arrival of a circuit minister to give a service the next day. These days, hollerin' has by and large been outdated by modern communications, but it is still cherished—and practiced—by many of the old masters

WAGUI CASTELLO—LEVITON ATLANTA



DEWEY JACKSON (WITH BROTHER O. B. JACKSON)
Like reaching for the upper balcony.

contest that the village had seen since Dewey Jackson won half a ton of fertilizer for hog calling in 1942.

Hollerin' is making noise. Hollerin' involves a lot more than that. Jackson, now 76, and the community's reigning basso profundo, gave the final proof. Hitting up his overalls before a crowd of 5,000, he launched into a lusty, ear-piercing "whoop," then followed with a foghorn of a tune that sailed clear into the next county. That was genuine east North Carolina country hollerin'. As Dewey told the crowd, "I been hollerin' since my mammy slapped me on the bottom the day I was born."

The event was the first National Hollerin' Contest that anybody knows about, and contestants came from as far away as Louisiana and Maryland to pay tribute to a minor art form that dates back to way before the days of the telephone. Hollerin' is the way folks used to communicate when they lived a mile or more apart. It requires a lot of lung power, and just plain shouting will not do. Traditionally, each farmer had a set of hollers that were recognizable as his own by their beat, melody and style

who used to rely on it in their daily lives.

When contest day came, the volunteer fire department spread a barbecue, the ladies baked cakes and, although nobody ever explained why, a Green Beret unit from nearby Fort Bragg put on an exhibition of hand-to-hand combat. There was an upset in the women's division: Mrs. Anita Thornton, whose dinner call can be heard by her husband three miles away, lost to Mrs. Jeanne Marie Brown of New Orleans, who charmed the judges with her "Dismal Swamp Call." Dewey Jackson won the big gold trophy, as expected, then triumphed in the duet competition with his brother O. B. But Henry Parsons, 73, became everybody's sentimental favorite with the holler that he used as a boy when he drove the wagon in for the evening. Splitting the air with a high, resounding falsetto, he yodeled up and down the scale like a goatherd piping to his flock. Said Parsons: "I would holler my holler, and by the time I got home and had the mules unhitched, Mother would have the ham a-fryin' and the peas a-cookin'."

MILESTONES

Died. Brian Jones, 26, grass-and-groupie-plagued rock musician, lead guitarist for Britain's Rolling Stones until his pullout last month in a dispute over the group's future musical direction; by drowning; in his swimming pool at Crotchford Farm in Hartfield, Sussex, the 15th-century farmhouse where A. A. Milne created Winnie the Pooh. A onetime garbage collector, Jones was musically memorable for his driving guitar in such hits as *This Could Be the Last Time* and *It's All Over Now*. Twice convicted on marijuana charges, he was severely fined but spared a nine-month jail sentence after a psychiatrist at an appeal hearing characterized him as a potential suicide who could not adjust to prison.

Died. Tom Mboya, 38, Kenya's brilliant Minister of Economic Planning, by assassination; Moise Tshombe, 49, erratic former Premier of the Congo, of a heart attack (see THE WORLD).

Died. Augusto Vandor ("El Lobo"), 46, wily boss of Argentina's huge Metallurgical Workers Union, majority spokesman for the national labor movement (CGT) and chief advocate of neo-Peronism (a Peronist system that would not require the return of the ex-dictator); by assassination at the hands of five gunmen in Buenos Aires.

Died. Bart Lytton, 56, short-term titan of the savings and loan business; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. A one-time theatrical pressagent, grade-B screenwriter ("I'm a lot prouder of some of the mortgages I've written"), and scriptwriter for radio's *Gangbusters*, Lytton used Broadway promotional techniques to build his Los Angeles-based Lytton Financial Corp. into a \$700 million business. Over-extension and the collapse of the California housing boom started his downfall in the mid-'60s, and creditors moved in to depose him in April 1968. "Money," he once said, "can be merchandised just like girlie shows," and in recent months he was contemplating a fresh start with his own advertising agency, conceding that he was no longer a rich man but "probably still a genius."

Died. Lawrence Roger Lumley, Earl of Scarbrough, 72, Lord Chamberlain of the royal household from 1952-63; of a heart attack; in Rotherham, Yorkshire. An old-school aristocrat whose family motto is "A Sound Conscience Is a Wall of Brass," the Lord Chamberlain ran head-on into the New Morality in his traditional role as censor of plays, protected Britons from histrionic homosexuality by barring such plays as *Tea and Sympathy* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* from the London stage and emasculated Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* on grounds of blasphemy.

SCIENCE

ECOLOGY

Pesticide into Pest

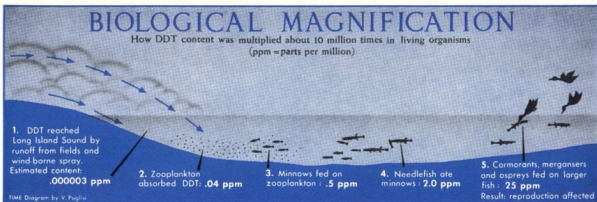
Few chemicals concocted by man have been so widely used and so thoroughly applauded as dichlorodiphenyl-trichloroethane, more commonly known as DDT. It has proved its unmatched power in the worldwide battle against those pestborne killers, typhus, encephalitis and, particularly, malaria. Its mastery over the mosquitoes that carry malaria has undoubtedly spared millions of people from death and debilitating infection. Equally potent in saving crops, it has almost doubled the yield from U.S. cotton fields in the past two dec-

300,000 coho salmon from Lake Michigan because they had unacceptably high concentrations of DDT. Stringent controls are now being considered in the states of Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin.

Europeans have taken even more decisive action. Following discovery of the chemicals in their herring catch, the Swedes ordered a two-year ban on DDT, as well as the related pesticides lindane, aldrin and dieldrin. The Netherlands decided to stop using DDT. So did Denmark. West Germany limits spraying so severely that only 192 tons of the substance were used throughout the country last year. France and Brit-

Sound's tiny Zooplankton (.04 ppm), then built up further in the fatty tissue of plankton-eating fish (.5 ppm). These small fish, in turn, were devoured by larger fish with yet another increase in DDT concentration (2.0 ppm). By the time the chemical had passed into the bodies of such fish-eating birds as cormorants, mergansers and ospreys its concentration (25 ppm) had increased an astounding 10 million times over the original amount (see diagram).

DDT also interferes with the reproductive cycle. Adult fish, for example, are able to tolerate relatively high levels of DDT. The fish embryo, on the other hand, dies almost immediately when it begins to absorb the pesticide through the fatty yolk sac. In birds, DDT kills off the young by interfering



ades by controlling the boll weevil. Even the Swedes, who have decided to ban the chemical, readily acknowledge its effectiveness. In 1948 they awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry to Swiss Chemist Paul Müller for his discovery of its "miraculous" capacity for destroying insects.

Now, growing numbers of scientists and politicians are convinced that Müller's miracle is more curse than cure. Long after exterminating the bugs at which it is aimed, DDT goes on performing its lethal work, washing from fields into rivers, lingering on the leaves of trees, floating about in the atmosphere for years—and contaminating everything it touches. There are some scientists who estimate that as much as two-thirds of the 1.5 million tons of DDT produced by man may still be adrift.

Poisonous Broth. More widespread than radioactive fallout, DDT is found in every kind of aquatic life and in almost every animal. Even mother's milk exhibits traces of DDT two or three times as high as the maximum standard for cow's milk set by the Food and Drug Administration. In any other container, a current quip has it, mother's milk would be prohibited from crossing state lines.

It is also in trouble within the states. Arizona has already banned DDT spraying. Michigan recently imposed a similar ban after the FDA condemned some

ain are keeping a watch on pesticide levels within their borders. The Russians, too, are concerned, as Premier Aleksei Kosygin indicated when he offered to join with the Swedes in cleaning up what Europeans call the "poisonous broth" conditions in the Baltic Sea.

The Deadly Seven. That will be no easy task, considering DDT's extraordinary durability and mobility. The chemical belongs to a family of organochlorine pesticides—the "deadly seven" as ecologists call them.* Like the other organochlorines, DDT does not dissolve in water. Thus it accumulates in rivers, lakes and seas for years after the original contamination. Moreover, its unusually long half-life of ten to 15 years means that it retains 50% of its effectiveness for more than a decade after it is first used.

Despite its resistance to water, DDT is easily soluble in fats and highly susceptible to "biological magnification" as it makes its way up the food chain. A typical case of this kind of metabolic mayhem occurred in Long Island Sound. After some mosquito-infested marshes were sprayed, the DDT was found in the nearby water in a "safe" concentration of .000003 parts per million. Nonetheless, the DDT quickly accumulated in more concentrated form in the

with the female's egg-laying process. Though the exact chemistry is still obscure, the pesticide apparently sends the mother bird's liver into a frenzy of enzyme production. The excess enzymes break down such steroids as estrogen that are essential to the manufacture of calcium. Lacking adequate calcium, the bird's eggs emerge thin-shelled and flaky, offering scant protection for the embryo. In at least one instance, reports the National Audubon Society, which has just joined the public crusade against DDT, a bald-eagle egg was found on the shores of Lake Superior with no shell at all—just a fragile membrane. According to University of Wisconsin Ecologist Joseph Hickey, DDT has caused a disastrous decline in the population of the bald eagle, which is the U.S. national symbol—and the emblem of next week's Apollo 11 flight. Other predators, such as the osprey and peregrine falcon, are gradually vanishing, as are the brown pelican and the extremely rare Bermuda petrel.

Airborne Cats. Beyond the danger to fish and birds lies DDT's threat to the whole ecological system. Concentrations of DDT no larger than a few parts per billion in plankton, says Biologist Charles F. Wurster Jr., chief scientific adviser to a New York conservationist group called the Environmental Defense Fund, can substantially hinder the photosynthesis process. On a larger scale, such interference could have

* The others: dieldrin, aldrin, endrin, heptachlor, chlordane and lindane. They are also sometimes called chlorinated hydrocarbons.

a devastating effect, since phytoplankton produces 70% of the earth's oxygen.

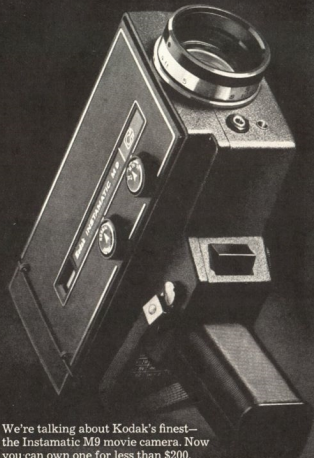
A bizarre case of ecological damage from DDT occurred in Borneo after the World Health Organization sprayed huge amounts of the pesticide. The area's geckos, or lizards, feasted on the houseflies that had been killed by DDT. The geckos, in turn, were devoured by local cats. Unhappily, the cats perished in such large numbers from DDT poisoning that the rats they once kept in check began overrunning whole villages. Alarmed by the threat of plague, WHO officials were forced to replenish Borneo's supply of cats by parachute.

Since DDT's effects are so severe in nature, many scientists think that it will inevitably exact a toll of man. The National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md., has produced evidence incriminating DDT and related pesticides as the cause of tumors of the liver and lungs in mice. When men are consistently exposed to such chemicals, adds the University of Colorado's Dr. David R. Metcalf, there is deterioration of memory and reaction time.

Impaired Effectiveness. The pesticide's defenders consider the dangers vastly exaggerated, although DDT poisoning can cause tremors and convulsion in man. "There isn't anything that doesn't have some toxic effect," insists Vanderbilt University Toxicologist Wayland J. Hayes, a former Public Health Service official and DDT's stoutest supporter. "The toxic effect of mashed potatoes," he adds rather irrelevantly, "is obesity." As proof of DDT's innocence, Hayes and others often point to studies of workers at the Montrose Chemical Corp., the world's largest DDT producer, and federal prisoners who voluntarily accepted daily doses of DDT in Atlanta. In both cases, they say, there was no damage. But other scientists, including Stanford Molecular Biologist Joshua Lederberg, a Nobel laureate, explain that far too little is known about how DDT reacts with other body chemicals to acquire the pesticide so readily.

In spite of its defenders, the use of DDT has already declined sharply. In 1962, when Rachel Carson published *Silent Spring*, the U.S. produced 167 million lbs. Last year production slipped to 138 million lbs., nearly 80% of which was exported. Not only has adverse publicity curtailed the chemical's use; its efficiency has been impaired by the resistance developed by many strains of insects. One scientist estimates that 150 pests formerly controlled by DDT are now immune to it. Nor do scientists expect to produce a new all-purpose bug killer. Instead they are emphasizing more subtle and selective methods of pest control—among them, the breeding of new insect-resistant crops, trapping pests with light and sound, and eliminating insects through sterilization. None of these methods pose anything like the dangers of DDT. The problem is that neither do they promise anything like its effectiveness.

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ART

ARTISTS

Peep Show

Marcel Duchamp lived his life with a touch of magic. He thrived on paradox, and invested contradiction with its own kind of inexplicable logic. His now-legendary *Nude Descending a Staircase* made him the *succès de scandale* of Manhattan's 1913 Armory Show. Duchamp responded by giving up painting. Next, he presented an unlikely series of "ready-made" objects, including a snow shovel and a urinal, as artistic creations, and saw that idea take root. Then, having shaken the pillars of traditional esthetics, he abandoned art altogether. In 1923, not yet 40, Duchamp settled down to a life of chess, pipesmoking, reflection—and grew even more famous.

He came out of his self-styled retirement only once, in 1938, to construct a valise containing each of his important works in miniature, really a portable Duchamp museum. He kept a studio, but visitors hunting for some clue that the aging *enfant terrible* was working again searched in vain. Duchamp died last October, having created little except for occasional graphics, a few objects and the inevitable puns he uttered, in almost 30 years.

Triumphant Denouement. Or so everyone thought. This week the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which owns the largest collection of Duchamp's work, reveals that the conniving chess player had prepared one final gambit after all. On view is an entire room designed by Duchamp to accommodate a life-size environmental work on which he had secretly worked over a period of 20 years. He had even planned its installation at the museum, but the work's existence was known only to his wife and a few friends.

For a man whose art is a twisted trail of surprises and double-entendres, the new piece is a triumphant denouement. It wraps all the themes of his previous works into one immensely charming paradox. The viewer enters a small white-walled room that is reminiscent of a grotto. On the far wall, a graceful brick archway frames a wooden door, silvery with age. Near the center of the door are two small peepholes that open onto a beguiling scene. There, lying on a bed of twigs and leaves is a delicate three-dimensional nude, her legs spread provocatively, her left hand holding aloft a glowing amber lamp, her head obscured save for one golden curl that flutters onto her shoulder. Beyond is a landscape in full autumn splendor, a small pond, a shimmering waterfall.

From a variety of materials, Duchamp created a surprising wedding of illusion and reality. He used pigskin for the girl, as well as a blonde wig, picked up twigs and leaves on forays into the countryside. The landscape is painted, but the waterfall was created by a play of



DUCHAMP IN 1965
Spring in every autumn.

lights. "He wanted to make a direct statement without words," recalls Duchamp's widow. "Something you look at and just feel." The museum permits no photographs; the implications and the richness of innuendo must rest solely in the mind. What has one really seen? Is this a celebration of sex? Art? Life? Is eros, like beauty, in the eye of the beholder? And what of that strange sense of flesh, poignant and vulnerable as a falling leaf, poised against the spectacle of nature?

Critics and connoisseurs will undoubtedly spend years tracing the imagery through earlier works. For the average viewer, the power and the majesty of Duchamp's last work lies suspended somewhere among its multiple metaphors and in the sage, sure wisdom imparted by an aging iconoclast that with every autumn comes the spring.

PAINTING

Methodist in Paris

"For several years," observed New York's *Current Literature* magazine in 1908, "the art world of Paris has shown interest in the work of Henry O. Tanner, an American painter who has done much toward strengthening that high position won for us by Sargent and Whistler. In America, recognition of Tanner's genius has been retarded by the fact that he is a Negro."

Tanner never did win great acclaim at home during his lifetime. But now Washington's National Collection of Fine Arts is about to correct the oversight with a retrospective of 80 paintings, drawings and studies that range from a pastoral done in his student days to a *Return from the Crucifixion* completed before his death in 1937.

The works on view vary widely in quality. Particularly in Tanner's later years, when he was living in Paris without being able to sell much work, many of his paintings were second-rate. Yet at his best, he was a draftsman of great ability, a recorder of daily life with understanding and warmth, a religious painter with gifts considerably exceeding those of a mere illustrator.

The fact that Tanner was able to make a career in a sphere that had known virtually no Negroes marked him as a man of exceptional drive. He was also more fortunate in family background and education than were most U.S. Negroes of the period. Born in 1859, the son of an African Methodist minister, the artist was raised in Philadelphia and attended high school. He became entranced with painting at the age of twelve when he saw a landscapist at work during an outing with his father in Fairmount Park.

Tanner enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where he studied between 1880 and 1882 under Thomas Eakins, who helped turn him from landscapes to genre scenes. *The Banjo Lesson*, done in about 1893, is typical in its unsentimental, robust honesty. Tanner's first one-man show, in Cincinnati, failed to sell a single picture to the public. He sailed in 1891 for Paris, where he must have seemed rather prim to the rowdy French art students who studied with him at the Académie Julien. Thanks to his Methodist upbringing, Tanner refused to touch wine at first. However, he fitted in well enough with American expatriate artists and connoisseurs. He became fast friends with Department Store heir Rodman Wanamaker and Patent Medicine heir Atherton Curtis, both of whom collected his work. In 1899, he married a pretty white singer from San Francisco.

Serene Moonlight. In painting as in manners, Tanner was a conservative. Nonetheless, he enjoyed a remarkable popular success. Soon after he arrived in Paris, he began to paint Biblical subjects in Oriental settings. Executed with sinuous vigor of line and a dramatic use of chiaroscuro, these pictures had much in common stylistically with Edouard Vuillard and Art Nouveau. When *Daniel in the Lion's Den* was shown in the Paris Salon in 1896, the famous French history painter Jean-Léon Gérôme insisted that it be given a place of honor. When the *Raising of Lazarus* was shown in 1897, it was awarded a medal and purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery.

In the years before World War I, Tanner developed a special technique of applying his paint in thin, linseed-oil glazes. He began employing a gemlike palette heavily laden with blues and aquamarines. Many of the works done in this later style have cracked and flaked. But some few among them—notably the serenely moonlit *Abraham's Oak*—still show how Tanner could take a simple Biblical tale and use it to inspire a unique poetic vision.

HENRY TANNER:
BLACK
EXPATRIATE

"The Banjo Lesson"



HAMPTON INSTITUTE, VIRGINIA, GIFT ROBERT GAGEN

"Abraham's Oak"

FREDERICK DOUGLASS INSTITUTE, WM. AND MRS. NORMAN ROBBINS COLLECTION



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MODERN LIVING

Sex as a Spectator Sport

Mark the following propositions True or False:

☐ *The American people have at last been liberated from the long night of Victorian prudery. The sociosexual revolution is wholesome and overdue. The mature individual is now free to decide for himself what he wants to read or see or do. America is on the way to becoming honest.*

☐ *The American people face moral and social breakdown. The standards that have guided us to greatness over the past two centuries are being systematically subverted by permissive courts and smut peddlers. In the name of freedom, we are being engulfed by filth. The Kick Society is a sick society.*

If you feel that neither of the above views is T, or F., submit your own statement. Whatever you believe, your response will indicate whether you are right, half-right, righteous, left or left out.

THE issue is as old as the fig leaf, as new as tomorrow's nude-theater opening. An erotic renaissance (or rot, as some would have it) is upon the land. Owing to a growing climate of permissiveness—and the Pill—Americans today have more sexual freedom than any previous generation. Whatever changes have occurred in sex as behavior, the most spectacular are evident in sex as a spectator sport. What seems truly startling is not so much what Americans do but what they may see, hear and read. In those respects, the U.S. is now by far the freest country in the Western world. Moreover, it happened in a few short years. Until 1933, James Joyce's *Ulysses* was not purchasable in the U.S.; today, the corner drugstore sells *Fanny Hill* along with *Fannie Farmer*. In 1959, the Ballets Africains were not allowed to perform in Manhattan until the female dancers donned bras. When they returned in 1968, no one even raised the issue.

From stage and screen, printed page and folk-rock jukeboxes, society is bombarded with coital themes. Writers bandy four-letter words as if they had just completed a deep-immersion Berlitz course in Anglo-Saxon. In urban America, at least, the total taboos of yesteryear have become not only acceptable but, in many circles, fashionable musts as well. As Dr. William Masters (*Human Sexual Response*) has suggested, "The '60s will be called the decade of orgasmic preoccupation."

Between the extreme partisans—those who hail the phenomenon as liberation and those who condemn it as decadence—there is room for some serious con-

cern about what it means in American life. In a sense, the creative arts and even their sleazy offshoots—blue movies, smut books, peepshows, prurient tabloids—hold a public mirror to a society's private fantasies. A nation gets the kind of art and entertainment it wants and will pay for. Thus to many serious critics, and they are by no means all blue-noses or comstockians, the explosion of salacity in cinema, theater and book rack is disturbing. Esthetically, pop sex may well reflect a stunting of the imagination, a dilution of artistic values, and a cultish attempt to substitute sensation for thought. Morally and psychologically, it may signal a deeper unease connected with a crisis of values. It also has its political aspects. Sex and politics have always been linked, but the connection can be carried too far—as was demonstrated for all time by the Marquis de Sade, who was more of a revolutionary than a sensualist, and pushed both roles to madness. Today, many of the young (or would-be young) use sexual display or obscene language quite deliberately as shock weapons of protest against "the Establishment." At the same time, those who are affronted by the new license may produce a backlash that could lead to a general mood of repression, social as well as political.

Part of the widespread resentment against the liberal Warren Court is based on its decision striking down various

forms of censorship. The Citizens for Decent Literature, biggest of a number of anti-smut organizations that have sprung up around the country, has pledged itself to appear on the prosecution side in every pornography case that comes before the Supreme Court. At present, no fewer than 135 anti-pornography bills are under study by the House Judiciary Committee. Last year Lyndon Johnson appointed leading educators, sociologists, psychologists and lawyers to a presidential commission on obscenity and pornography. Its interim report, to be released this month, will recommend, among other measures, that all erotic wares in the marketplace be stamped Adult Material.

No Longer Underground

If that proposal were adopted, the stamp should, by rights, appear on an astonishing variety of products. Already, under a new, voluntary rating system, certain films are branded "M" and "suggested for mature audiences." American moviegoers have been peeking at bodies ever since Theda Bara bared her royal nipples in 1917 in *Cleopatra*. Still, inhibited by production codes and the restriction imposed by such influential bodies as the National Legion of Decency, American moviemakers generally avoided total nudity and explicitly erotic situations until the late 1950s, when successful films like *Room at the Top* and *Never on Sunday* showed that seals of approval had become an anachronism. Today, assured of virtual immunity against seizure and prosecution, movie exhibitors and importers have no qualms about films that would have been cut or confiscated a few years ago. Far-out



NUDE SCENE IN "HAIR"

A revolution to make all others seem like prison mutinies?

films now on show include *The Libertine*, in which a widow acts out a manual on errant sex; *I, A Woman, II*, which portrays fetishism, voyeurism and varied adultery; and *Therese and Isabelle*, a "love story" that treats of lesbianism and autoeroticism.

The most explicit and protracted depiction of fellatio ever filmed for commercial distribution occurs in an as yet unreleased movie called *Coming Apart*, starring Rip Torn as a troubled psychiatrist. For all its howling commercial success, *I Am Curious (Yellow)* by comparison is about as erotic as *Das Kapital*. Andy Warhol's latest film, a 90-minute sexorama appropriately titled *Blue Movie*, contains 45 minutes of realistically simulated copulation (heterosexual for a change).

Warhol's movies used to be "underground," but most of them are now

tistic and serious. In 1965, Jean-Paul Marat briefly flashed his *gluteus maximus* in *Marat/Sade*. As the marquis warned in the same play, "The revolution of the flesh will make all your other revolutions seem like prison mutinies." And so it almost has.

The more extreme stage examples are still mainly confined to off-Broadway, but they are spreading. In *Fortune in Men's Eyes*, a play about homosexuality in prison that is now playing in Los Angeles, theatergoers are confronted with a scene of forcible sodomy between unclad actors. The lively and ubiquitous *Hair*, which is booked or playing in five U.S. cities and six abroad, nearly went under when it opened—before word of its celebrated and now relatively unremarkable nude scene brought a stampede of ticket buyers. In *Christmas Turkey*, Actress Marti

end of a cane on the tip of your nose."

The nudity invasion in the theater reached yet another apogee last month with the opening of *Oh! Calcutta!*,* a revue billed as "elegant erotica" by Impresario-Critic Kenneth Tynan, who "devised" it. Housed in an old burlesque theater wistfully renamed Eden, the show is performed almost entirely in the nude. Though various sketches involve mass masturbation, rape, wife swapping and other forms of sexuality, *Oh! Calcutta!* is not only inelegant but also anti-erotic. The sheer expanse of skin in time becomes a bore. Still, the customers keep appearing, and in a play for the benefit of the astigmatic, the management plans to raise ticket prices for the two front rows to \$25—highest on or off Broadway.

Ars Gratia Amoris

The plastic arts have also turned anew to "genital commotion," as Jesuit priest Harold Gardiner puts it. A gifted, Paris-trained Manhattan artist, Betty Dodson, uses as many as six models at a time for her large-scale canvases of multiple coupling. U.S. Psychologists Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen arranged a vast exhibition of erotic art in Sweden (TIME, May 17, 1968) that broke attendance records in two days. (Children were admitted and, the sponsors reported, showed no sign of shock.) At Los Angeles' David Stuart Galleries, a series of eight massive plastic phalli by Sculptor Bruce Beasley were immediate sellouts at \$200 each. There is a new gallery in Manhattan, grandiloquently styled The United States of Erotica, Inc.—and it has lived up to the name.

One litmus test of the new permissiveness is the degree of outrage it provokes. Though *Oh! Calcutta!* and other current offerings contain countless scenes, words and inferences that would have stirred a tempest a few years ago, New York City's high-minded cops have acted against only one play (*Che!*) and one nudie movie (*Muthers*) since 1964.

Scores of bookstores in every major city deal in the hard-core pornography that Dad had to smuggle in from Paris (where it is now hard to find). Many, for 25¢ a viewing, also feature two-minute peepshows of naked couples. Nudist magazines, which until recently airbrushed their models in strategic areas, now show them in toto. So do a proliferation of homosexual magazines. So do a new wave of lecherous tabloids, with titles like *The New York Review of Sex*, whose erogenous aim is mostly emetic in effect. Despite the blatant offensiveness of books, magazines and wall posters in smut-shop windows, local authorities are reluctant to take action for fear of prolonged and probably fruitless appeals through the courts.

Within this erotic panorama, there are obviously immense differences. Surface appearances are deceptive. A play in the politest language can be more ob-



"LIVING THEATER" SCENE OFF-BROADWAY
Somehow equating the altogether with the unattainable.

shown in theaters and seriously reviewed. The distinction between "underground" cinema, straight commercial films and "sexploitation" movies is no longer easily made. The screen's crassest hypoduct, variations of the old stag film or skin flick, draw more customers in some cities than the hard-ticket Hollywood product. Ranging from 20 minutes of nude shorts to the sophisticated voyeurism of Directors Russ Meyer (*Vixen*) and Radley Metzger (*The Dirty Girls*), sex films are now a multimillion-dollar-a-year industry. Exhibited in well-appointed cinemas that charge \$3 and up for admission, they have moved from the tenderloin to midtown.

For a long time, the theater lagged far behind the cinema in the realistic presentation of sex. Until recently, actors came on as fully clothed as if they were lunching at the Plaza. Then, all of a sudden, playwrights and directors decided that nudity was significant, ar-

Whitehead knelt front-center and nude throughout the play. During most of the one-acter *Sweet Eros*, Sally Kirkland, the latter-day Isadora Duncan of nudithespianism, was tied naked to a chair. *Paradise Now*, performed by Julian and Judith Beck's Living Theater, was the first play in which a nude cast invited audience "participation" and then, in at least one city, marched seminaked from the theater onto the street.

Che!, which opened off-off-Broadway last March only to be shuttered by the police after its second performance (it has since reopened in a relatively sanitized form), was another landmark of erotic realism. The play consists of one hour and forty minutes of elaborate fake copulation. It led English Critic Alan Brien to the bemused conclusion: "I can only report that it made me feel intercourse was a feat rather more difficult than a triple somersault on a trapeze while balancing a tray of drinks at the

* The couple shown on TIME's cover this week are members of the show's cast.

scene in essence than a four-letter-word tirade. A sexual embrace depicted with art can be more innocent than a Botticelli Venus. A fully clad model in a TV commercial can exude more sexuality than a nude ostend.

The naked body can bring a visceral vitality to the theater—as several American ballet companies have demonstrated. The bedroom scene in Franco Zeffirelli's film *Romeo and Juliet* took on a new dimension when the couple were portrayed in the nude. So might many other dramatic interludes.

Actor Nicol Williamson rejects the notion of *Hamlet* in the buff, for example, but conceded in a recent New York Times interview that he would be in favor of disrobing for the title role in a planned London production of *Prometheus Bound*. After all, he argued, it is hardly rational for a fallen god, chained to a rock until the end of time, to wear a tigerskin loincloth for eternity. A more immediate concern for many actors and actresses is that few have the physical endowments to withstand public scrutiny. Shelley Winters, now 46, observed of onstage nudity: "I think it is disgusting, shameful and damaging to all things American. But if I were 22 with a great body, it would be artistic, tasteful, patriotic and a progressive, religious experience."

Audience of Voyeurs

Miss Winters' second sense is, of course, a parody of all the clotheslessness-is-next-to-Godliness homilies of hippies, nudists, protesters and naked theater advocates, who have somehow managed to equate the altogether with the unattainable: total honesty, innocence, understanding, peace and, in the same breath, revolution. Protesters who stop traffic or disrupt the work of a draft board by taking off their clothes use nudity as a kind of nonviolent Ludism. But artistically undressing is too easy. If a dramatist can substitute a mute nude for the interplay of character and situation, he will be tempted to do so and in all likelihood be handsomely rewarded for succumbing. Nonetheless, nakedness is not a statement but a condition.

Moreover, some critics contend, the artist's license to show and do all creates an audience of voyeurs passively feeding on their fantasies. In the visual arts, as in literature, "the cult of utterance," in one critic's phrase, tends to devalue and depersonalize human sexuality. In an essay in the book *Language and Silence*, an eloquent condemnation of pornography, Literary Critic George Steiner objected: "Sexual relations are, or should be, one of the citadels of privacy, the nightplace where we must be allowed to gather the splintered, harried elements of our consciousness to some kind of inviolate order and repose." The totally explicit love scene, he suggests, is an intrusion upon the imagination and a synthetic substitute for reality.

Words also tend to be devalued by

the new erotica. Three centuries or so ago, William Shakespeare or John Donne could convey passion, poetry, disgust and concupiscence in words with artful undermeanings that shocked none. Nowadays, a few greatly gifted writers can effectively employ the familiar quadrilaterals for dramatic or comic effect, but they tend to lose their value through overuse. As George Orwell observed 22 years ago, "If only our half-dozen 'bad' words could be got off the lavatory wall and onto the printed page, they would soon lose their magical quality." That process is well under way. The four-letter pudencies are now dropped casually into cocktail conversation. But not everyone applauds the fading of the magic.

Many readers miss the florid circumlocutions of such erotic classics as *Fanny Hill* or *My Secret Life*. Today's por-

time assumed the stature of classics. Innumerable others were denounced as wicked when they first appeared. Yet almost everyone agrees that there is such a thing as pornography and that it is bad. No less an authority than Henry Miller recently denounced pornography as "a leering or lecherous disguise" that has helped make sexuality joyless. On any level of creative intent, it is hard to defend the bulk of salacious literature being churned out today. Most of it is perverse, narcissistic, brutal, irrational. And boring. As George Steiner observed: "The number of ways in which orgasm can be achieved or arrested, the total modes of intercourse, are fundamentally finite Once all possible positions of the body have been tried—the law of gravity does interfere—once the maximum number of enormous zones of the maximum number

of participants have been brought into contact, abrasive, frictional, or intrusive, there is not much left to do or imagine."

Beholder's Grown

Even D. H. Lawrence favored rigorous censorship of smut. "You can recognize it," he wrote, "by the insult it offers, invariably, to sex, and to the human spirit The insult to the human body, the insult to a vital human relationship!" On that point, both the author of *Lady Chatterley* and Evangelist Billy Graham would be in wholehearted agreement.

Where they would disagree would be on the question of just what constitutes pornography. For years the U.S. Supreme Court has struggled with the issue, as writers and publishers, pressing home the First Amendment's guarantees of free speech and expression,

spearheaded the battle for freedom in the arts. After a series of test cases, the Supreme Court formulated a somewhat vague but consistent philosophy that no material could be banned by local authorities unless it was "utterly without redeeming social value." Charles Rembar, the Manhattan attorney who successfully defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill* before the Supreme Court, has offered what may be a classic definition: "Pornography is in the groin of the beholder." Though, as Rembar notes, there is virtually no such thing as obscenity in the literary legal lexicon today, the courts have insisted that minors should be protected from exposure to prurient material. And by federal law an individual may take action to prevent receipt of unsolicited pornography through the mail.

In the view of a great many people,



TRINTIGNANT & SPAAK IN "LIBERTINE"
You can recognize it by the insult.

nographer handles a love scene as if he were dictating an engine-repair manual for high school dropouts. Not so the old-timers, whose swooning maidens entered the amatorial bout with timorous displays of budded rotundities, swelling hillcocks, portals of ecstasy and other geographical purlieus quite foreign to Gray's *Anatomy*. When it comes to a seduction scenario, few contemporary eroticists could match the subtlety of an anonymous 17th-century poet in reciting a pastoral love-in between a fair lad and a group of fair ladies (all of whom become pregnant). Even the title of the poem, *Narcissus, Come Kiss Us! (And Love Us Beside)*, would assure a rock recording of the lyrics a top ten rating in *Billboard*.

Such classic examples illustrate the classic dilemma: What is pornography and what is outspoken art? Innumerable erotic works, from Ovid's *Ars amatoria* to Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, in

continued on page 66

Conversations on the New Eroticism

As last month's TIME-Louis Harris Poll made clear, there are two Americas of morality. One is concentrated largely in urban areas and in more highly educated groups, and applauds the new permissiveness. The other is a world that clings to established values. In between are those who are willing to tolerate permissiveness without enthusiasm and those who are ready to oppose it without fanaticism. Evangelist Billy Graham stands for a fundamentalist view of good and evil that still has a strong appeal for many Americans. He expressed that view in an interview with TIME Reporter Jill Krentz. To explore the views of the other America, TIME gathered eight experts for an afternoon's discussion. The eight: Wynn Chamberlain, paint-

er and producer-director of erotic films; Maurice Girodias, founder-editor of the Olympia Press, which published J. P. Donleavy, William Burroughs, and Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*; Sally Kirkland, actress in several erotic and/or nude plays; Jacques Levy, director of *Oh! Calcutta!*, America Hurrah and Scuba Duba; Charles Rembar, the attorney who successfully defended Lady Chatterley's Lover, Fanny Hill and Tropic of Cancer against obscenity charges; Terry Southern, author of *Candy*; Kenneth Tynan, British author, critic and organizer of *Oh! Calcutta!*; and Dr. Ernest Vandenhog, New York University psychoanalyst and professor of the social philosophy. On these pages are samplings of the conversations.



GIRODIAS



KIRKLAND



SOUTHERN



TYNAN



VANDENHAAG

SYMPOSIUM OF EIGHT: THE MERITS OF PERMISSIVENESS

Tynan: Pornography seems to me a necessary and useful thing to have around as an adjunct to ordinary sex, and as an alternative to ordinary sex. I think it's a boon to the tired traveler—in a foreign country where he doesn't speak the language or doesn't know anybody. I think it's an absolute social necessity in the case of some people who are ugly and old and lonely, but that does not mean it should only be for the ugly, the old and the lonely. I do think that more good artists should enter the field in order to raise its standards.

Vandenhog: Mr. Tynan's idea is apparently that pornography can be good, depending, of course, on the quality of who creates it. Now as I think of art, it is not the experience itself, but a reflection upon experience. As Santayana put it, high art cancels lust. My view would be this: the better the writer, the less effective his writing as "pornography" as you defined it, however sexual his subject may be.

Levy: How do you define the difference between a *Playboy* spread and a nude painting by Picasso or Goya?

Vandenhog: Intent is what you do know. Effect is what you do not know. You can't expect the artist to know about the effects.

Tynan: Until quite recently, erotic art was a category of art, accepted as such in China and India. Boucher's paintings for Louis XV were intended to arouse Louis XV, and by all accounts they did. I have been sexually aroused reading D. H. Lawrence, reading Ovid and reading of Hero and Leander. And it was Sir Kenneth Clark

who said that anyone who paints a nude with no desire to produce an erotic effect is a hypocrite.

Southern: I think we should talk about "eroticism." It's a good word, you know, deriving from eros and having to do with love. There is such a thing that is esthetically erotic which is very positive and beautiful. I think what is described as "pornography" is usually something erotic that just didn't make it.

Boring Pornography

Chamberlain: I would like to posit that pornography itself is an old-fashioned idea. St. Augustine, according to most of my legal friends, is the one who is really responsible for the whole concept in law that somebody has the right to tell you that you're doing something which isn't good for you to do.

Vandenhog: Freud described a process that is called repression in individuals: that which takes place when the individual is confronted with impulses that part of his personality has to reject—at least temporarily—because of fear of being swamped by these impulses. One way to look at censorship is to consider whether it may not be the social analogue of deeper repressions that take place in the individuals. That is, the society also, rightly or wrongly, finds it necessary to repress those things that it fears may swamp its order and impair its function. One danger in having pornography is in time it may come to resemble sex instruction in school: it can make sex as boring as it already is in Sweden and in Denmark.

Rembar: I think what will happen is that the Supreme Court won't go back to banning books. Where you'll have the conflict is in the theater, film, television. You may find a conservative

court saying that what happens on the stage is not so much expression as it is action, and you'll have a legal battle right there. You see, the fact that it is also communication won't answer. The poor guy arrested for indecent exposure on the street can also say that his effort was to communicate, and no doubt it is. But the Supreme Court is not going to say that he's got a right to.

Tynan: I was asked in the *Fanny Hill* case in England years ago to justify the defense that the book had redeeming artistic merit. I told the counsel that I was going to go into the witness box and say yes, it has artistic merit because it used artistic skill to arouse me sexually.

Rembar: And so the counsel said "Don't bother."

Tynan: He went through the rules and said that that wasn't a legitimate artistic purpose of art. Would such a defense work in an American court?

Rembar: Not now. But I think we're coming very close to it, because I think that entertainment will be accepted by the court as having social value.

Innocent Nudity

Girodias: I don't think that pornography is even a thing that exists at all. I think that it's a thing that was killed about 20 years ago when Terry wrote *Candy*. After that, there was no reason for using the word "pornographic." I think the reality of today is represented by something like *Oh! Calcutta!*, which is a form of art at a popular level in which people will enjoy eroticism in a completely free manner.

Kirkland: There is nothing more innocent and vulnerable than the naked human body. When we come to the day and the year when no one in this

country feels funny about taking off his clothes, then we've come to a very healthy time. I'm embarrassed by nudity—but that's what it's all about. I want to be embarrassed. And I want you to be vulnerable to my embarrassment and then maybe we can talk as soul mates.

Tynan: The British Foreign Secretary of ten years ago uttered a very unwittingly revealing remark when there was a movement in the Socialist Party to ban the H-bomb—that England should give it up. He said: "I would not want the Foreign Secretary of this great country to walk naked into the conference chamber." What he meant, of course, was that he had to be carrying that bomb to feel clothed.

Kirkland: With nudity, we'll get some honesty, which we haven't had in the arts in a long time.

Vandenhag: Why do you insist that a naked man cannot lie?

Kirkland: Because a naked man is more vulnerable.

Vandenhag: I have lied naked and I have lied dressed, and I find no difference. I have not found much occasion to be naked in public, but even if it were introduced as a general custom, I don't think it would change anything in particular.

Levy: I feel that the "sex explosion" and pornography are destructive to civilization. This is not the first time that this has happened. When a society gets to the point where it is eating its own entrails and its civilization is about to crumble, it immediately returns to the expression of sexuality as the only thing left to somehow titillate and excite. What we're seeing now is a kind of decay and destruction of the Judeo-Christian society with its ethics and values.

I think what we're seeing now, when I talk about the destruction of the old society and the moving on to the new, is a new set of values that allows people to have rather simple and direct pleasures that do not require such enormous responsibilities and don't require the enormous debt that you pay in giving love. I think the people are learning to play with one another. Now, one of the things that happens is that love becomes cheap. I think that what we're seeing now is a time when in fact we will have fewer deep, stable relationships among people. The civilization that we're moving into is one that cannot sustain two people in a bedroom all by themselves for 40 years. It's impossible anyway in this new civilization, because people have too much time on their hands—too much leisure.

Rembar: My interest is in freedom, and freedom means freedom for a lot of things that are probably bad as well as good. I'm not at all convinced that what you so modestly call "pornography" is a good thing. My feeling would be that vicarious satisfaction in the end diminishes the net sum of human pleasure. But whether the law should be allowed to interfere with this thing is something else again.

BILLY GRAHAM: THE SICKNESS OF SODOM

One day I put on dark glasses and a hat and pasted on long sideburns, and I went to some of these stores in New York. I had thought that Sweden was bad, but Sweden hasn't gone near to the depths of various sex deviations and obsessions that we have gone. I suppose there are sections of this country that have sunk as low as anything in history, because in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah and Pompeii and Rome they didn't have the presses or the motion pictures to stimulate all of this.

Dangers of Censorship

No nation in history has ever been able to go in this direction and survive very long. I think that the greatest threat to our democracy is moral decadence. And I do not think it represents the majority of the American people. I know many of the members of the Supreme Court, and I don't think they ever meant that their rulings would bring about this avalanche of filth and dirt that is greater than anything in the history of the world. And I think that the Supreme Court is going to have to go back and study this situation and clarify their position. I think censorship is a very dangerous thing. But I think we should have some rules where we draw the line on obscenity.

God never meant that people were to wear clothes. He meant we were to be nude. But we were in a state of innocence. Then sin came into the human race and became a blood poisoning. The first thing that Adam and Eve did after their rebellion against God was to see themselves naked, and they were ashamed, and they sewed fig leaves and clothed themselves. The whole Biblical teaching since then is that people are to dress in modesty. Now that doesn't mean that girls are to wear their dresses down to their ankles. Certainly a woman should never disguise the fact that she is a woman. A woman's body is very beautiful. But this emphasis on nudity, which stimulates sensuality—this is what is going to destroy any society.

Dangers of Sexuality

It's interesting to me that in the Soviet Union, Cuba and China, they're trying to build a strong society, a revolutionary society that they hope will ultimately conquer the world. But they don't allow this kind of sexuality. They came to the conclusion that this is a destructive force. I don't think the function of the playwright, the author, the artist, is to reflect what's going on, any more than I should reflect what's going on. I think their function ought to be to lead, to direct.

When I was 17, 18, 19, 20, I was interested in sex—and if I had had all of this thrown at me at that time, I don't know whether or not I could have withstood it. I think about my own sons and my own daughters, and I'm sure

that many parents are concerned about what their children are exposed to. Human nature is so built that it cannot resist these temptations when they are thrown from every angle.

Now, sex is a gift from God. We went too far in the Victorian period. We hushed it up. It should never have been suppressed. It's something that God gave us. We should talk about it. It shouldn't be in the back alleys in the dirt and trash. Young people are getting the wrong idea about sex. Within marriage it's the most wonderful of relationships. It's more than a propagation of the race. This is where I disagree with the Pope. Sex is more than just to produce children. Sex is for enjoyment within the confines of marriage. Sex is also for the fulfillment of a couple. It's the ultimate in fulfillment.

Fornication, Adultery

The thing that alarms me is that there are so many clergymen who say that the so-called "new morality" is all right. They say we're living in a new generation; let's be relevant, let's change God's law. Let's say that adultery is all right under certain circumstances; fornication's all right under certain circumstances. If it's "meaningful."

The Bible says the reason that the



GRAHAM AT TIMES SQUARE SMUT SHOP

flood came was that lawlessness had spread all over the world and sensuality had spread all over the world. Jesus said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be when the Son of Man comes back." He said there would be a worldwide rebellion. Well, we see that going on now. He said that there would be an obsession with sex at the end of history, and we see all of that going on.

The literature is unbelievable. And the underground newspapers with their filthy names and titles and want ads. You see, there's no love in this sort of thing. We're just buying sex like you would buy a piece of meat. Eventually this decadence will destroy us, and that's why I'm asking people to commit themselves to a Christ who's teaching love and understanding.

of course, that protection is not enough. Critic Pierce Hannah complained in the *London Times*: "We, no less than the Victorians, have our current cant. Ours is to protest that books and plays with only the most tenuous claims to be taken seriously must be fought for because they contain once-taboo words and situations. We make martyrs out of third-rate writers in no danger of going to the stake." A compelling answer to this argument is that third-rate or even tenth-rate writers must be protected if first-rate writers are to be free. Banning books and prosecuting theater owners can actually be self-defeating, since they lend false glamour to the forbidden and the illicit. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* has in all likelihood not have become a vastly profitable movie if it had not first been the subject of a well-publicized prosecution by the U.S. Court of Appeals. In Sweden, where movies are never censored for eroticism, *I Am Curious (Blue)*, *Yellow*'s sexier successor, has fared dismally at the box office. Booksellers in San Francisco, one of the nation's most permissive cities, report that sales of pornography have dipped 70% in the past six months.

The Impact on Society

Such evidence is scarcely conclusive. Erotica has flourished in every society and under every kind of regime from the Pharaohs to the Maos. "Legalizing pornography," reasons Author Wilfrid Sheed, "will not destroy its appeal any more than ending Prohibition stopped people from drinking. Liberal cliché to the contrary, lust was not invented by the censors." But lust can indeed be helped along by the censor. The outwardly prudish Victorian era produced pornographic literature of unsurpassed richness and ingenuity. In the first five decades of this century, U.S. art and entertainment either were censored or practiced self-censorship. Yet those were decades of titillating sexuality, heavily reinforced by advertising; technically the decencies were observed, but the atmosphere was charged with eroticism from every screen and billboard. It was those teasing decades that prepared the way for the erotic explosion. The current situation in the arts is at least more honest.

Fundamental disagreement occurs on the issue of what erotica does to the consumer. Critics of the new permissiveness assume as obvious that it is damaging to people, particularly the young, and that it leads to sexual license. But in the age of the in-depth survey and the microscopic sexual study, there is a remarkable dearth of information about the psychological impact of erotica on the normal—or more significant, ab-

normal—individual. A possible clue was offered by a commission of the Danish government appointed to study the incidence of sexual crimes; the commission found that such crimes had declined by 25% in the year in which antiobscenity laws on books had been abolished. After an intensive investigation of the relationship between eroticism on the screen and individual behavior, Sweden's censorship office reported unequivocally that no normal adult is harmed by seeing intercourse and nude bodies in a motion picture. Psychologists and sociologists in the U.S. have no concrete evidence that erotic material directly stimulates sexual activity. They maintain that the young in particular—and movie audiences today consist mostly of people under 25—are more sophisticated about sex than the previous generation, and in consequence may tend

of sex must somehow be contained. Unless some restraints are imposed—or self-imposed—history suggests that the reaction to permissiveness may be strong. The ribald, rollicking Elizabethan age was succeeded by the severity of King James I and the censorious society of Oliver Cromwell. The excesses of the Restoration were sobered by Victorian propriety. The licentiousness of Weimar Germany ended in the austere and brutal anthill of Nazism. Constitutionally and temperamentally, the U.S. is probably immune to such violent reversals of law and mood. Nonetheless, as in any other democracy, change in the U.S. tends to be uneven: two steps forward, one step back. Whatever the disposition of the new Supreme Court, there is real danger of repressive action at the local level—in all likelihood by policemen and prosecutors not intellectually equipped to judge the artistic or social merits of a book or film.

In an odd way society is locked in an ancient dialectic. Western civilization would not have had the energy to develop as it did, wrote Denis de Rougemont, "without the sexual discipline which the so-called puritanical tendencies have imposed upon us since Europe first existed. On the other hand, without eroticism and the freedom it supposes, would our culture be worth more than that which a Stalin, a Mao have attempted to impose by decree?"

Western eroticism, unlike the Oriental variety, has not been a relatively uncomplicated, simply hedonistic matter; it began in defiance



"BE FAIR, NOW. THE SUPREME COURT DIDN'T INVENT SEX."

to be less excited or shocked by nudity or scenes that show copulation. The strongest evidence suggests that total permissiveness in the arts is a result, not a cause, of relaxed standards of conduct. The majority of psychologists and behaviorists in effect reassert the familiar dictum that no girl was ever ruined by reading a book—and no boy was ever seduced by a girl appearing on-stage without her clothes on.

That is not the only issue, however. A number of experts are agreed on one point: erotic art often unduly celebrates sexual prowess to the exclusion of such qualities as tenderness, patience, courage, humor or honesty. If sex is universally regarded as the ultimate status symbol, as *Playboy* and the pornocrats suggest, many responsible adults will wind up feeling cheated, and alienated; at the same time, and ironically, the aim of sex will become mental rather than sensory.

Hardly anyone can quarrel with the ideal of a healthy sexuality, free of false shame and guilt. Yet to judge from the nation's mood, a great number of Americans feel that the surfeit


of Christian law and has remained strangely and often unconsciously tied to what it sought to oppose. The real Western myth of rebellion against God and society is probably not Prometheus but Don Juan. Thus sex as revolution is not so novel as some of its practitioners think—or is it necessarily so anarchic as some of its opponents fear. Even in their eroticism, many of the young rebels are peculiarly puritanical and earnest. They are not unlike Hugh Hefner, who feels compelled to sanctify his hedonism in thousands of words of "philosophy."

Perhaps the best hope in dealing with the erotic explosion is that the crassest, most commercial panders will be curbed by law; beyond this, in legitimate arts and entertainment, a public sense of taste—and humor—will act as the best censor and restore some balance. Gresham's law does not necessarily apply to literature, theater or cinema. The bad drives out the good only temporarily. The point has been made briefly: anything can be shown. Now perhaps the time has come to remember that not everything *has* to be shown.



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TELEVISION

LICENSING

WRITERS

The Man Behind Harry

Harry Reasoner, introducing a CBS-TV *Essay on Woman*: "This broadcast was prepared by men, and makes no claim to being fair. Prejudice has saved us a great deal of time in preparation." Reasoner, talking about bridges as cameras frame the Verrazano Narrows span across New York harbor: "Man has made a sewer of the river and spanned it with a poem." Reasoner discussing Americans' fascination with automobile races: "They don't come to see a crash, but if there were never any crashes they'd never come."

Because of such commentaries, Harry Reasoner is widely recognized for his wit and perception; in 1966 he received a Peabody Award for his droll television essays. Reasoner is indeed witty and perceptive, as he shows in the radio and TV scripts he writes himself. But the TV essays were not all his. They were written by Andrew Rooney, 49, the most felicitous nonfiction writer in television. Much heard if not seen, Rooney won an Emmy this year for co-authorship of last summer's impressive *Of Black America*, in which Bill Cosby recounted the century-long misrepresentation of the Negro by U.S. movie-makers and historians.

Breakaway Biafra. The essay topics are rarely hard-news musts, and never flunk the Rooney colon test. Andy says he can spot an overly sober TV treatise merely by the colon in its title; for example, "Somaliland: Case History of a People." His specialty is the light TV essay that extracts the significant from the commonplace. Does it bother him that Reasoner gets all the glory and earns about \$200,000 compared with his \$60,000? "Harry has never actually sent me for coffee," Andy jokes, "but he often says, 'If you're going to the cafeteria, get me coffee, will you?' Then, as if to flatter me by suggesting we are equals, he does not offer to pay for his."

Rooney has a ready explanation for his success with TV scripts: "It's not so much that I write well—I just don't write badly very often, and that passes for good on television." The straight news shows, he says, are the worst, although he concedes that "distinguished writing there might be obtrusive." Because of lack of time, he feels, news writers get away with a shorthand glossary of minor clichés like "breakaway Biafra" or "oil-rich Kuwait."

Slow Listening. Rooney's rule of writing is to stick to short declarative sentences. He is forever quoting Thoreau's comment that "if a man has anything to say, it drops from him simply and directly like a stone to the ground." He adds that "people talk faster than they listen, and you have to give them time to hear what you've said. Clever phrases make slow listening." Andy contends that his veteran colleague Eric Sevareid

has discovered that fact only in the past five years and has "improved immeasurably since."

After wartime service with *Stars and Stripes*, Rooney spent the late 1940s freelance writing for books and magazines but turned to radio and TV when he discovered that he could not make a predictable living in print. He was concocting material for Arthur Godfrey, Garry Moore and others when CBS News President Fred Friendly in 1964 hired him away from show biz.

Rooney is a man of awfully good habits. At home in the suburbs, he bakes his own bread, churns his own ice cream and makes his own furniture; at the of-



ROONEY MAKING BREAD

But the words fall like stones.

fice he keeps special machines to shine his own shoes and press his own pants. Still, he always looks as rumpled as if he had spent the night on a bench in Grand Central Station. Another raffish touch is the 1920s Underwood typewriter on which he has written everything from his first book, *Air Gunner*, to the article in a recent issue of *LIFE* about who the real campus protesters should be: the parents who pay the tuition. He is a father of four children, aged 17 to 21, and the title of his piece was a heartfelt "Burn, Bursar, Burn."

The underscheduling of news and documentary programming is Rooney's main complaint about TV. He thinks a minimum of an hour at night of prime time should be available for public affairs. Among other things this would make room for more documentaries—without colons in their titles. "There is never a day a light documentary has to be on," he says. "I don't mean to complain, but I just wish insignificance had more stature."

Test by Performance

"The airwaves that the broadcasters use for immense profit are the public's, and the time is long overdue for the broadcasting industry to respond to the value of the human experience rather than to the values of the marketplace." So declared the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, a TV watchdog group, in a recent statement calling for the overhaul of commercial television licensing procedures. Over the two decades since major television channels were first assigned by the Federal Government, renewals of three-year broadcast licenses have been almost automatic.

Lately the status quo has been increasingly challenged by the courts, by citizens' groups such as the N.C.C.B. and at times even by the vacillating Federal Communications Commission. In one of his final decisions as an appeals court judge, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger set forth a new doctrine that makes the continued existence of TV stations contingent on performance.

Burger's decision, reached before he was sworn in as Chief Justice, revoked the license of WLBT-TV of Jackson, Miss., an NBC affiliate. The reason: racial discrimination in programming. The station, owned by the Lamar Life Insurance Co., had been accused of permitting racial slurs on the air, excluding news of Jackson's 40% Negro population and cutting off network news reports of civil rights activities.

About Face. Burger not only specifically ordered WLBT's license "vacated forthwith" but generally scolded the FCC for showing a prejudice in favor of established broadcasters and "profound hostility" to public-interest groups contesting license renewals. "Broadcasters," ruled Burger, "are temporary permittees—fiduciaries—of a great public resource, and they must meet the highest standards which are embraced in the public-interest concept."

Even before the Burger decision, the FCC early this year denied a license renewal for Boston's Channel 5 on the ground that the station's ownership by the Boston *Herald Traveler* created a news monopoly. In San Francisco, KRON-TV has run into license-renewal delays because the FCC is investigating whether its ownership by the San Francisco *Chronicle* constitutes undue concentration of media control. Because of interlocking ownership of professional sports teams by its parent company, and in turn, its owners, WCCO-TV in Minneapolis is charged by its rival station with having a monopoly on sports news. The FCC is currently conducting hearings on these charges.

The issue of media control is much fogged over and highly debatable. In a different category are the cases, like the one Burger ruled on, where licenses are questioned for bias or inadequate services to the community. Last month the commission canceled its recent license renewal for Manhattan's WPXI-



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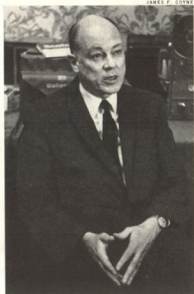
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JAMES F. COYNE

UNITED CHURCH'S PARKER
Promise of another collision.

TV. The station, owned by the New York *Daily News*, was accused by disgruntled former employees of distorting news shows with doctored film—a charge that WPIX denies and the FCC has yet to investigate. In Los Angeles, KHN-TV has been under FCC investigation since 1966, after businessmen accused it of neglecting local needs. These actions indicate a change in the FCC's hitherto inflexible attitude; it now seems possible that program content and quality will figure in licensing decisions.

Lap Dogs. Many of the attacks, including that against Mississippi's WLBT, have risen from a common source: the United Church of Christ, a group long active in civil rights work. The Rev. Everett C. Parker, 56, director of the church's office of communications, has not only won a crucial appeals court ruling that citizens' groups have every right to oppose TV-license renewals, but has helped organize local groups to carry on such fights. Rather than risk being dragged before the FCC or into court, KTAL-TV of Texarkana recently agreed in a private contract with one Parker-backed group to end discrimination in its broadcasting.

Parker denounces the FCC as "the lap dog of the broadcasting industry." The commission, however, is caught between the courts and the Congress. There is strong support for Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore's Senate bill to force the commission to grant licenses in near perpetuity. The measure would forbid the FCC from considering TV-license applications by anybody but the existing holder, unless he has already been denied a renewal. With Judge Burger's decision, the lines have been drawn for another collision and the outcome could easily alter the functions of the FCC and, in consequence, the fundamental rules by which television operates.



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BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Trying to Earn Enough

Last week Teamsters Local 282 in New York City negotiated a rich new contract that calls for a \$57.60 weekly wage raise over the next two years. The pay of drivers of sand, cement and gravel trucks will rise to \$266.80 for a 40-hour week by July 1971; on top of that, fringe benefits will go up \$44.40. The benefits include a pension plan that allows a Teamster to retire on \$400 a month after 20 years of driving, whatever his age.

Lavish as it is, the most striking thing about the Teamsters' contract is that it is not really unusual. The Labor Department calculates that wage-and-benefit settlements in this year's first quarter provided a 5.9% median yearly increase. But a number of contracts signed in the last few weeks have increases equal to or greater than the Teamsters' 28%. Pacts negotiated recently are designed to raise wages and benefits 25% over three years for waiters in Seattle, 39% over three years for West Coast sawmill hands and a gargantuan 49% in 13 months for construction workers in Lorain, Ohio.

Even proposed wage increases of that size no longer always win union acceptance. Ironworkers in St. Louis have been on strike for six weeks against an employer offer to lift their wage-and-benefit package from \$6.03 to \$9.03 an hour over the next five years. The union likes the money, but does not want to sign any contract that will bind it for more than three years.

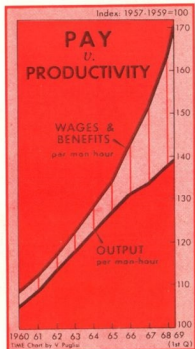
Over a Barrel. Many of the big contracts have been signed by employers who either felt no pressure to keep prices down, or had no choice in a labor-short economy. Construction unions, which often have more strength than the localized employers they deal with, are leading the way, but many another union is delighted to exercise some unaccustomed economic muscle. Seattle hotel and restaurant employees won their increases after a 12-day strike that was settled just as the first of 100,000 Shriners arrived in the city for a convention.

New raises are enabling some traditionally underrewarded workers to catch up. In New York City, for example, the poorly paid public-school teacher is a figure of legend. Last week the teachers' union ratified a contract that, by 1972, will give some top members \$16,950—for 40 weeks' work a year. Raises averaging 9.1%, which took effect last week, will bring the pay of two million U.S. Government civilian employees up to what their counterparts in private industry were collecting a year ago. A deputy bureau commissioner in a large department, for instance, goes up from \$30,239 to \$33,495, his third increase in two years. Some Government

employees have now had six raises in the past three years.

In many cases, however, the game of catch-up threatens to turn into an inflationary game of leapfrog. The 49% increase achieved by Lorain construction workers was intended to bring their pay and benefits by next summer up to levels prevailing in nearby Cleveland. But Cleveland building unionists, seeking to restore their primacy, now vow to press for a still larger raise in negotiations next spring.

To make matters worse, wages are rising much more rapidly than workers'



productivity, as measured by the Commerce Department. As a result, labor costs per unit of output are climbing steadily. Manufacturers are compensating by raising the prices of their products. Thus, even large pay raises have yielded little if anything in added purchasing power. During the last three years, in fact, the purchasing power of the average U.S. worker has done no better than hold steady. Union leaders now feel that they must push for giant wage and benefit increases to keep their members ahead of price boosts. But some are aware that the raises may only give the inflationary spiral a further upward twist. Says Phil Stack, a New York Teamsters official who helped negotiate the \$57.60 hike: "Every time we get a raise, the prices increase and the hospitals go up as well. Somebody should stand still. If the others stopped, I think our men would be happy to stop too."

WALL STREET

The Funds Are Falling

The managers of mutual funds have been performing poorly lately. During this year's first half, the composite index of shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange dropped an average 8%. The decline for mutual funds was close to 12%. Of the 369 funds ranked by Manhattan's Arthur Lipper Corp., only six managed to post any gains.

Generally, the funds that rose the fastest last year fell the fastest this year. Not one of the ten biggest gainers of 1968 managed to climb at all in this year's first half. Their showing confirmed Wall Street's axiom that "go-go" funds can seldom put together two good years in a row because it is almost impossible consistently to pick stocks that will spectacularly outperform the market. Last year's rich winners were those fund managers who correctly foresaw that the market would rally after President Johnson's renunciation. This year those managers failed to anticipate that the market would tumble after bankers raised the prime rate to 8½% in mid-May. Many of the go-go funds were loaded with thinly held stocks of nursing homes and computer-leasing firms, which were badly battered by the Government's anti-inflationary drive.

Summer Rally. The Newwirth Fund, which last year soared 90% in per-share value to rank No. 1 in the U.S., fell 16% in the first half and dropped to 305th place. The Mates Investment Fund, which gained 73% last year, has fallen to No. 367. Gibraltar Growth, which was in third place in 1968, dropped 13% and is now 254th.

It is not surprising that funds specializing in volatile issues tend to win big in rising markets and lose big in falling markets. In addition, a number of the newer funds are run by self-confident young men who, after their great gains in past years, have become convinced of their own infallibility. Now these portfolio managers must decide whether the market's upswing last week—when stocks rose about 2%—marks the beginning of a summer rally. One of the most successful young money managers admits: "I would be happy if we just broke even this year."

By contrast, the larger, older funds, which tend to balance their investments between growth stocks and blue chips, stood up fairly well in the declining market. Investors Mutual, the largest of all, fell only 4.1% and rose in the standings from 245th place to 33rd. Massachusetts Investors Trust fell 4.5% and moved up from 228th to 38th. Normally, any losses at all would be nothing to crow about, but so far this year only 95 funds have managed to outperform the Dow Jones average, which dropped 7.5%.



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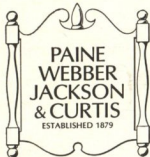
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★ American Myth No. 3



A living trust is for the near dead



Some people think you've got to have one foot in a wheelchair and the other in a fortune to set up a Living Trust. It's a myth.

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That's why so many busy people come to The First. Our Trust team is backed by more than computers and financial whiz kids. We've got men who understand your special problems and goals, to help square away your estate, the way you want it.

Your attorney will tell you about the advantages of a Living Trust. To get started, call Walter Gray at The First. (312) 732-4300. You'll see how we make Living Trusts work harder to let you live a lot better.

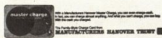
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Charge cash.



BANK PITCH FOR CREDIT CARDS
Some imprudent tactics for a blitz.

CREDIT

The Lure of Instant Cash

Money may be tight in the U.S., but across the country millions of people are finding their mailboxes crammed with unsolicited applications for bank credit cards that promise, among many other things, instant loans of up to \$500. The card craze has spread as banks have intensified attempts to expand in the consumer credit field, which can be enormously profitable. Banks often earn a true annual interest of 18% on merchandise charged on the credit cards, and 12% to 24% on the "instant money" that a customer can borrow upon presenting his card at the bank.

Assuming the Risk. Merchants are usually receptive to the credit-card plans because the banks pay them almost immediately for merchandise charged on the cards and assume all risks for defaults. The banks only deduct about 3% as a fee, compared with 4% to 6% usually charged by other commercial credit-card companies.

Not surprisingly, the card blitz has led to some rather imprudent tactics: a San Francisco bank mailed cards to all of its customers without running any credit checks at all, while a bank in Chicago handed out cards to bystanders at a parade. A nationwide survey of 84 banks by Constantine Danellis and Richard N. Salle, two economists at California's San Jose State College, recently found that only 20% of the banks bothered to make credit checks. The economists also discovered that despite the profit potential of credit cards, many banks suffered bad losses. In all, 10% of the reporting banks lost between 17% and 40% of total charges during the first year of their credit-card business. Two-thirds of the banks earned no profit at all on the cards during 1968, partly because of high start-up costs, but also because of lack of experience in handling large-scale retail credit.

To minimize start-up headaches, banks now tend to join one of two major groups. The largest group is run by San Francisco's Bank of America. Its decade-old BankAmericard, available in 44 states, is interchangeable with Britain's Barclaycard, Canada's Chargex and Japan's Sumitomo. The other is Interbank Card Association, organized by eight banks in 1967 and now operating in 41 states; its card is also recognized in Europe. BankAmericard insists on certain credit standards, but Interbank lets members decide "creditworthiness" themselves.

No bank can afford to be too choosy, since the 3% discount barely covers overhead, and monthly carrying charges are the cream of the business. Success for the banks depends on wide circulation of the cards among people who will use them to finance big-ticket purchases. Customers are assessed no fee if they pay their bills to the bank within 30 days; thereafter, the interest mounts at 1½% a month. Thus the bankers expect to get most of their profits from people who do not pay punctually.

ADVERTISING

The Copycats

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, advertising men are becoming more sincere than usual these days. No longer content to emulate merely the mood of a competitor's ad, some have turned to more precise copycatting.

Carl Ally Inc. started a campaign late last year for Northeast Airlines, using the slogan "Northeast addresses itself to the whole man." Ads showed a beaming passenger, comfortably piloted and covered with furry blanket, addressing himself to martini, steak and a copy of *Realités*. In April, Gehrnich Associates kicked off a campaign for RCA Global Communications, aiming to get across the point that a businessman can often save himself an overseas trip by sending a telex message instead. Headline on the RCA ads: "Why send the whole man overseas just to give someone a piece of his mind?" The illustration was almost a duplicate of the Northeast ad; it showed a slippered, pillowed, fur-wrapped executive in a plane seat about to attack his meal. A well-received Hertz ad, showing a weary traveler arriving in a strange city, was copied closely for an RCA announcement of "an international terminal for people who hate to travel." Both ads featured the same model: Actor Lou Jacobi.

The RCA ads were created by Gehrnich President Marvin Weinberg, who majored at City College of New York in comparative literature. Carl Ally, whose Northeast and Hertz ads were borrowed, admits that he has done some copying himself. After Young & Ru-

bicam initiated Eastern Air Lines' "We want everyone to fly," Ally produced a new twist for Northeast: "We want everyone to fly—with us."

William Esty Co. created Noxzema shave cream's famous TV ad, in which Gunilla Knutson whispers "Take it off, take it all off." Soon after that caught on, Young & Rubicam hired an actress with a throaty voice, just like Gunilla's, to implore, "Put it on, put it all on"—an appeal for customers to buy Plymouths and load them with all manner of optional equipment. Eagle Shirtmakers' color-naming contest of five years ago—in which the winning entries included Foreseeable Fuchsia, God's Little Ochre and Hot Chestnut—was revived this spring by Young & Rubicam for Ford's Maverick. The car colors range from Freudian Gilt and Original Cinammon to Anti-Establishment.

Nobody seems to be mad about the copycatting. The writer of the Noxzema ad, John Blumenthal of William Esty, says: "Just think, every time people hear that girl saying 'Put it all on,' they will remember the Noxzema girl saying 'Take it all off.'"

Why send the whole man overseas just to give someone a piece of his mind?



RCA AD



Jan. 1, 1969. Northeast Airlines addresses itself to the whole man.

NORTHEAST ORIGINAL
The sincerest compliment.

BRITAIN

The Nationalization Mess

Even the most Blimpish British opponent of the Labor government's nationalization of industry would not dispute its goals. But even some stalwart Laborites are sorely embarrassed by the failure of state-owned industries to achieve any of those goals. Far from stimulating Britain to rising peaks of employment, technological progress and exports, the government enterprises have dragged the economy down.

The National Coal Board, for example, has been so slow to close inefficient pits that it requires immense government subsidies; it lost \$24 million in fiscal 1969. The railroads have run a deficit of around \$365 million in each of the last two years. The utility industry was pushed into an excessive expansion program and has had to raise electricity prices. Now the pressures of hard politics threaten to make a similar financial mess out of British Steel Corp. (BSC), the company that the government was counting on to prove that nationalization could really work.

Political Roadblocks. When the Labor government took over steel in 1967, officials proclaimed efficiency to be their primary objective. They argued that the fragmented private industry, which earned 1.9% on investment in 1966, could not acquire the capital to build the modern mills needed to compete with Japan and the U.S. The Laborites induced Lord Melchett, a Tory banker and philosophical opponent of nationalization, to accept the chairmanship of BSC on the promise that he would be allowed to run it in a strictly businesslike fashion. He quickly ran into political roadblocks.

To mollify opposition to nationalization, the government divided BSC

into four geographical regions, each run by an executive of an old private steel company. The regional managers tried to maintain their operations as separate entities and ignored Melchett's efforts to exert centralized control. One manager, for example, announced an ambitious investment plan without even telling Melchett about it. Lately, however, Melchett has got a firm enough grip on BSC to draft a long-range modernization program.

Forced Subsidy. The company's efforts to earn the profits to pay for that modernization, however, have yet to succeed. Although BSC had 1968 sales of \$2.6 billion, which ranked it as the world's third biggest steelmaker, behind U.S. Steel and Bethlehem, the company lost \$29 million, and there is no immediate prospect of getting out of the red. Melchett has been frustrated in efforts to cut costs, partly by the government's policy of protecting the nationalized coal mines. BSC is not allowed to import low-cost foreign coal, and purchases of foreign oil are taxed extravagantly; as a result, steel's fuel bills are excessively high. To pay them, and the costs of modernization, Melchett proposed steel price increases totaling \$128 million a year.

Melchett was stopped by the government's Prices and Incomes Board, which ruled late in May that BSC could raise prices only 5% a year. The board's order was intended to help British export industries—most of which are not nationalized—by holding down the costs of their steel. Melchett angrily protested against forcing BSC to subsidize exports, but to little avail.

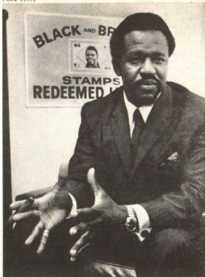
Despite BSC's troubles, the ardor of Labor's left wing for more nationalization has not dimmed. Last month a party committee recommended that the government take control of drug manufacturing and movie theaters, either by starting new companies or nationalizing existing ones. Such proposals stand small chance of adoption, but there is equally small chance that steel will soon be returned to private hands. To buy BSC, which has assets of \$3.3 billion, an enormous investment by any private group would be required. The government's policies hardly promise enough profit to justify such an investment.

RETAILING

Soul Stamps

Art Powell, all-star football end of the Oakland Raiders, was mulling over business prospects while recovering from a knee injury. What about trading stamps? Why, Powell asked himself, should a collector have to take the stamps to a redemption center and exchange them for gifts? Instead, Powell figured that a customer should be able to redeem the stamps where he gets them—for an extra loaf of bread at the grocery, or a tank of gas at the filling station. Powell thought that idea would appeal particularly to Negroes, many of

FRANK OTTIE



ENTREPRENEUR POWELL
Bread on the spot.

whom could use the extra merchandise to satisfy basic needs. With that in mind, he started a black-owned business that is trying something relatively new, and the large white-owned stamp companies are watching with interest.

Powell is president of the two-month-old Black & Brown Trading Stamp Co., which issues stamps bearing the picture of Soul Singer James Brown, a B & B director. The company is managed by Powell and Lawyer Donald Warden; they recruited Brown because they needed a folk hero to appeal to blacks. B & B has signed up about 700 groceries, barbershops, gas stations and even auto dealerships to offer and redeem the stamps in the San Francisco Bay area and Los Angeles. Customers get four stamps for each dollar spent, and when they have collected a book of 1,200 stamps, they are entitled to \$3 in free goods or services. Merchants, who pay about 14¢ for each four stamps, appear enthusiastic. Jesse Porter, a barber in Berkeley, reports that "kids keep coming in all the time now for haircuts just to get the stamps." B & B officers contend that, since merchants redeem the stamps on the spot, the repeat business enables them to pay for the stamps without raising prices.

B & B is also beginning to diversify. It founded an advertising agency to design its stamp-collecting books; now the agency also represents Singer Brown, and will produce ads for his new restaurant chain. Later this month the company plans to start distributing a free newspaper for shoppers, the *B & B Exchange*, which will feature stories about black businessmen. Eventually, B & B expects to distribute its stamps nationally, possibly in white areas as well. Powell and his officers promise to extend to white communities a B & B policy of devoting 20% of profits earned in any area to scholarships for children of the neighborhood.



LORD MELCHETT
Elusive objective.

The 180 day wonder.



At Avis we replace almost all our cars—not once a year, but every 180 days.

So it's a good bet the new Plymouth you rent from us won't be over 180 days old at the most.

And a lot less than 180 days on the average.

Now, you've got to admit that's a darn good reason to rent from Avis.

After all, why rent a car that's been driven hard when you can rent one that's hardly been driven?

OIL

Bad Days for Wild Ones

In the oil business, the wildcatter is an operator who combines the cunning of a coyote, the nimble independence of a mountain goat and the ornery courage of a longhorn bull. Relying on instinct and experience as often as scientific aids, he drills wells in places where competitors feel sure that he will not find oil. Still, the wildcatters have discovered three-quarters of the producing areas in the U.S., and their exploits have written a rich chapter in the nation's industrial history.

C. M. ("Dad") Joiner, then a septuagenarian wildcatter, opened up the great East Texas oilfields in 1930 when



"DAD" JOINER (LEFT, WITH TIE) IN 1930
A hunch is not enough any more.

he brought in his gusher, Daisy Bradford No. 3. Legend has it that soon afterward he lost oil leases worth \$100 million in a three-day card game. "Anything you hear about the boom towns won't be an exaggeration," says H. L. Hunt, the multimillionaire, who remembers that holdup men were so common that he and his partners would always walk single file and 16 feet apart when they went to town. The reason, he explains, was that "the bandits wouldn't stick us up if they couldn't cover us all with the same gun."

Victims of Reform. Oldtime violence could not stop the wildcatters, but modern-day economics and politics are slowing them. The tax-reform drive in Congress threatens to reduce the 274% depletion allowance enjoyed by wildcatters, along with other drillers. Costs of drilling a well in Texas have risen 28% since 1959 and, as oil near the surface has become depleted, crews have had to go three times as deep for al-

most the same returns. Meanwhile, the wellhead price of oil has risen hardly at all. Partly because of climbing costs, the number of wildcat wells drilled has declined from 16,200 in 1956 to 8,900 last year. While many other countries are sharply increasing oil production in 1969, U.S. output is expected to rise only 1.8%.

Another problem is that if and when oil is found, the landowners who lease acreage to the wildcatters make heavy demands. Once they were satisfied with a one-eighth share of profits; now they insist on bonuses or a larger slice of the earnings. The oil companies, which once farmed out much land to independents, now have much less to distribute because their attention has turned increasingly to offshore properties, Alaska and foreign lands.

In the Hole. Costly seismic surveys that backers now insist on have also tended to add to wildcatters' expenses. Oil has become harder to find in the continental U.S. as obvious geological structures have been exploited. Since 1963, Wildcatter Carl W. Van Wormer, who was once worth \$300,000, has drilled 20 consecutive dry holes and has moved from a suite of four offices into a cubbyhole in Houston. Keegan Carter, of Kilgore, Texas, last hit oil three years ago. The whole town of Kilgore is in an economic decline, as are such once-wealthy wildcatting communities as Overton, Henderson and Gladewater. "It's impossible to get risk money now," says Carter. Adds Jim Clark, a small operator: "People who don't understand the business become angry after a series of dry holes. An oilman will shrug it off if he can, put an X in his book, and go to the next one."

However depressing matters may seem for the wildcatters, there are still some signs of hope. Companies and syndicates have been created recently to finance independent exploration. Among them are Denver's King Resources, Los Angeles' McCulloch Oil Corp. and Houston's Austral Oil. One wildcatter recently discovered a field at Bell Creek, Mont.; it is capable of producing 130,000 bbl. a day in previously unexplored territory, which suggests that some large untapped pools of oil still exist for the wildcatter to find.

AIRLINES

Playing Politics

It was no secret that Lyndon Johnson played politics with airlines, especially when he used his presidential power to give or take away lucrative overseas routes. Last week Richard Nixon seemed to be doing the same.

One of Johnson's favorites was Continental Airlines, headed by Robert Six, a rangy, gregarious airline pioneer who happens to be a gung-ho Democrat and a Johnson pal. Continental was also the U.S.'s "spook" airline in Viet Nam, flying many CIA missions. It was only natural for Six to expect some rewards

—and only natural for Johnson to grant them. He awarded Continental some rich runs to the South Pacific (TIME, Dec. 27). But no sooner had Nixon taken the oath than he rescinded the awards.

Recently the Civil Aeronautics Board, with its three Democrats voting aye and its two Republicans nay, recommended that Continental get routes from the East Coast through the Southwest to Micronesia, Australia and New Zealand. Last week Nixon again vetoed the award to Continental. He strongly suggested that the South Pacific route will go instead to financially troubled Eastern Air Lines, in which Laurance Rockefeller holds a substantial interest.

TRUCKS

And the Kitchen Sink

The pickup truck was once the mainstay of rural America. It was used for everything from hauling feed and machinery to taking the family to church on Sunday. Americans are still piling into the small trucks, but now their destinations are likely to be the beaches, mountains or woods. And their trucks have many of the comforts of home—beds, toilet and kitchen facilities, all tucked into a piggyback camper behind the cab. Last week, as the camping season began in earnest, a record number of those recreational trucks took to the roads.

Particularly in the U.S. West, the family that used to boast two cars in the garage now has one car and a truck. A market survey by Ford disclosed that 65% of all light trucks—or 1,600,000 units—are used for fun and personal traveling. They helped to boost truck sales to an alltime high of 1,900,000 units last year, and the figure is expected to top 2,000,000 in 1969.

Dolled Up. For the first time since 1935, Ford has overtaken Chevrolet in the light-truck market. But the margin is slim, and each manufacturer predicts sales of 700,000 trucks this year. Ford tops its line with the sporty Ranchero, while Chevrolet counters with the El Camino. A long list of options includes air conditioning, power steering, automatic transmission, wooden steering wheels, bucket seats and high-performance engines. The price of a dolled-up pickup can approach \$5,000, and the cost of the piggyback camping unit that slides into the truck bed can add another \$4,000.

A more spartan approach to motor camping is offered by some of the smaller companies, which together share about 9% of the recreational truck market. International Harvester and Kaiser Jeep sell rugged vehicles that can carry sleeping bags and campers into country so rough that it is beyond the reach of the trucks. In the future, this may become an important selling point because more accessible camping grounds are becoming as clogged as expressways on the Fourth of July.

We plead guilty to the dry martini



We admit it. If it weren't for Fleischmann, the dry martini might not be the reigning favorite it is today.

You see, back in 1870, Fleischmann developed America's first dry gin—the gin that made the martini revolution possible.

Today we still make the driest gin. Isn't that what you want in your martinis?

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

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Now you can have
the custom look
without the customary building
problems.



Introducing Landmark. New from Butler.

Landmark™ is a breakthrough. A concept that allows wide design freedom. A concept that retains all the advantages of pre-engineering without the drawbacks. A concept that cuts confusion, red tape and duplicate effort.

Landmark is innovation. Computerized design. Automatic welding. High-strength steel. Modular construction. It all adds up to a virtually flat pre-en-

gineered roof structural system with contemporary horizontal profile.

Landmark is a revolutionary roof that eliminates fasteners and holes on working surfaces. Landmark is a wide choice of fascia and trim. Including your choice of wall materials—metal, glass, wood, brick, practically anything.

Choose Landmark and you'll work with a builder who offers single-source

responsibility for the entire project. A Butler Builder. He'll help you build faster, occupy sooner. And end up with a dream of a building. Call him. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Buildings" or "Buildings, Metal."

Or write for a new free 4-color brochure. The more you know about Landmark, the less you'll know about customary building problems.



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Chained to an Enzyme

Pineapples are flourishing on the chilly mountain peaks of Tibet. Lush acreage has appeared in the desert of Mongolia. Red China has produced a miraculous substance that can enrich its soil and abolish hunger. To devise a way to steal the Chinese secret, Russian, American and British intelligence authorities confer. Their solution: send in Gregory Peck.

In his two previous films this year (*The Stalking Moon* and *MacKenna's Gold*), Peck was saddled with period western costume. In *The Chairman* he is restored to mufti as John Hathaway, Nobel-prizewinning chemist, professor and all-around chump. Hathaway allows the combined intelligence forces to secrete an aspirin-sized transmitter in his head. He is blissfully unaware that the capsule also contains an explosive that can be triggered back at headquarters. Transported to China, Hathaway watches rice farmers Maothing revolutionary rubrics, has an interview with the chairman—a benign, ping-pong playing chap—and cons his way to the secret formula. All the while, beeping and honking, he is being tracked like a satellite, his pulse rate and adrenal flow monitored back in England by a one-eyed, three-star general (Arthur Hill).

When the beeps broadcast trouble, the general decides to fire his ultimate weapon—Hathaway. Will Hathaway blow his mind, or will he reach the Russian border before the Red Guard closes in? The grim countdown begins: 30, 29, 28, ...

Given the framework of international intrigue, Director J. Lee Thompson could have provided a brisk Bondist

thriller. Instead, he has followed the B-line of movies of the '40s: a lone American good guy against the Yellow Peril. For Imperial Japan, read People's Republic of China; for Alan Ladd, read Gregory Peck. *The Chairman* is a basket of bromides—except for one original line that ought to be anthologized. The chemist who developed the soil enricher murmurs to Hathaway: "We are none of us free. We are all chained to an enzyme." During the filming of *The Chairman* in Hong Kong, Communist Chinese newspapers warned the cast of "various serious consequences"—the film, obviously—and angry mobs burned Peck in effigy. They got the wrong man.

Gasser

Hollywood has put buzzers under theater seats, piped odors into the theater and sent ghosts jumping from the screen to sail over the audience's heads into the balcony. All that ingenuity cannot compare with the gimmick in *Hard Contract*. It is gas, cleverly concealed inside the dialogue by Writer-Director S. Lee Pogostin. For example: "God hardly ever comes to Madrid any more; he left with Picasso," and "Evil is a giant; good is when evil takes a rest."

Hard Contract's protagonist is a toothy, vicious gunman-for-hire named Cunningham (James Coburn). In the employ of an anonymous corporation whose business is murder, Cunningham jets off for Europe with a "hard contract" to eliminate three top men who were themselves organization assassins. He manages well enough until he meets an attractive divorcee called Sheila (Lee Remick). Before anyone can say *Philosophy in the Bedroom*, Cunningham and Sheila are under the same bedspread, where they spend most of their



COBURN & REMICK IN "HARD CONTRACT"
But where's the rub?

time discussing doom, guilt, predestination, war, violence, murder and the population explosion.

All this makes it difficult for Cunningham to rub out his last man (Sterling Hayden), who lives on a farm and has a disconcerting habit of holding seminars on ethics in his wheat field. Audiences will be kept in stupefying suspense wondering whether Coburn will ever get around to killing Hayden, but by the time just about everybody rides into the sunset on a gypsy wedding wagon, who could care?

Tunneling to Nowhere

With Zero Mostel, and a wildly improbable storyline, *The Great Bank Robbery* seems all set to snipe away at an inviting target—the standard western heist. Unfortunately, amid leathery gags and uninspired parody, the guns jam early and often.

Burrowing parallel tunnels toward an otherwise unassailable bank are a band of crooks disguised as robbed members of the Church of the Cosmic Heart and a group of Chinese-American T-men impersonating Chinese laundrymen. The crooks want the bank's liquid assets; the agents want proof that the bank's president has been stashing swag for outlaws. Who will get there first?

As the bogus preacher, Mostel, who has been long applauded as a lightweight with all the graceful moves of a bantamweight, is restrained from dipping into his repertoire much beyond an occasional grimace and a few eye-pops. His performance is perfunctory; he may well have been bored. Kim Novak, one of his seedy band, wearily remarks of herself at the outset: "Sister Lydia's ass is draggin'." Indeed, she bestirs herself only for the strategic seduction of Clint Walker, who has no trouble at all playing an oafish, one-dimensional Ranger. Despite *The Great Bank Robbery's* pretentious effort, the genuinely amusing western remains an elusive specimen.



PECK IN "THE CHAIRMAN"
One way to blow your mind.

BOOKS

Eye for an Eye

SONS OF DARKNESS, SONS OF LIGHT
by John A. Williams. 279 pages. Little,
Brown. \$5.95.

Black writers telling it like it is have found no substitute for straight-out autobiography. No novel by James Baldwin can match the fervid personal essays in his *The Fire Next Time*. What black fiction can begin to compare with *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* or even Claude Brown's somewhat overrated *Manchild in the Promised Land*? The fire a black autobiographer kindles burns the reader. The fire a black novelist sets has a way of burning himself—blowing his cool, singing his prose

policeman shoots an unarmed 16-year-old black boy, all the reasonableness runs out of Browning, not so much in anger as in a final weariness.

With resignation rather than fury, he decides to try "a wee bit of Mao" and hires a professional killer to assassinate the killer-policeman. It is as if nothing less than a brutal act of violence will keep him awake—as if, in fact, all Americans, both black and white, are frozen in various sleepwalking postures from which only further atrocity can hope to rouse them.

Williams is as devastating on hypocritical blacks as on complacent whites. While Browning tours the country fund raising for his organization, Williams acid-etches his caricatures: the moneyed *Ebony* set, keeping up with the black Joneses; solemn costume wearers, going "the African route"; showbiz swingers, balling their way to integration-hy-gy; militants with the Che Guevara slogans and a handy barracks in the California hills.

By Williams' account, all suffer from role fatigue—the sort of exhaustion afflicting actors in a play that has run too long. One of the whites says: "I think I am very tired of being a Jew." Williams, clearly, is very tired of being a black. He seems to assume that his characters, whether they know it or not, are stifled as much by the kind of ennui that immobilizes men trapped in situations they cannot control as by the terror of their predicament.

Attended by various double-dealing ironies, Browning's subsidized assassination does get things moving. Its culmination: a reparations ultimatum from blacks, whose demands include, for the head of every black family in America, ten acres of land, a car and \$5,000. But neither an eye for an eye nor chattels for those who have been chattels can restore the kind of draining loss Williams has in mind. He knows and shows that nothing can replace the sheer waste of human spirit squandered in inventing, then half resolving, life's most superfluous problem: race. This knowledge, atoning for a clumsy and rather tentative plot, sets him apart from most other black novelists. He has a feel not merely for polemics but for tragedy.

Beyond the Mea Culpas

TIME OUT OF HAND: REVOLUTION
AND REACTION IN SOUTHEAST ASIA by
Robert Shaplen. 465 pages. Harper &
Row. \$8.95.

For most Americans, depressed and confused by what is already the longest, most complicated war in the nation's history, the words Southeast Asia have come to mean just one thing: Viet Nam. Yet in the long run, the political and economic development of the area's other nations, with their 250 million people, may prove more important to the stability of all Asia—and

the world—than the bloody ground where the fighting now rages. Asserting this point, Robert Shaplen, *The New Yorker's* veteran correspondent in Asia, ventures beyond Viet Nam to invoke the longer perspectives of history and examine the problems and prospects of surrounding lands.

Outside Powers. What Shaplen finds, not surprisingly, is trepidation, partly a reflection of local uncertainty over the U.S. role in Southeast Asia after a Viet Nam settlement. But he also discovers encouraging developments that look to the inevitable day when, he feels, both the U.S. and China will play a smaller role in Southeast Asia. Born partly from that realization is a growing awareness among Asian nations of the need to look to their own resources and cultivate independence. Strongly non-Communist countries



SHAPLEN AT LUZON INVASION, 1945
Measuring the bloodbath with caution.

show symptoms of being able to adjust to Communism without becoming politically subverted or emotionally unstrung. Singapore, Thailand and the Philippines, for example, have extended welcome to trade, cultural and tourist delegations from the Soviet Union and other Communist lands in Europe.

Shaplen also sees a "varied and sometimes contradictory" groping toward new alliances based on regional cooperation. Groups like the ten-country Asian and Pacific Council (ASPAC) and the five-member Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), though still involved in "more discussion than action," aim to improve economic and cultural relations. They may also drift into some sort of role in regional security.

Shaplen's *tour d'horizon* includes essays on Malaysia, Laos, Thailand, the Philippines, Singapore, Viet Nam and Cambodia. Its most compelling section explores Indonesia. In a fascinating flashback that offers a good deal of new material, Shaplen re-examines the



WILLIAMS AT HOME IN NEW YORK
Waking sleepwalkers with violence.

style and casting clouds of smoke over his intentions.

Among the black novelists now writing, though, John A. Williams has come as close as any to putting into fictional terms the experience of being black in America. Williams' secret: his characters are human first, black second. In *The Man Who Cried I Am*, for instance, the problem of surviving as an artist was treated as carefully as the problem of surviving as a black. Williams' protagonist was a writer who happened to be a black as much as he was a black who happened to be a writer.

Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light is less clearly conceived, but it is free of reverse stereotypes. It vibrates to the grievances of a man rather than a people. Eugene Browning, Columbia graduate, ex-political-science professor and middle-class black, has put in half a lifetime being reasonable. As the story opens in 1973, he is No. 2 man in a moderate civil rights organization named the Institute for Racial Justice. But when a New York

abortive Communist coup of 1965, emphasizing the probability that President Sukarno himself was involved in the takeover attempt. Despite the bloodbath that followed and the interior problems left by the Sukarno era, Shaplen sees Indonesia, the world's fifth-largest nation (pop. 113 million), as holding the "key to the region's future."

Shaplen's literary style, which rambles over many a back road, is occasionally illuminated by bright, incisive flashes. Describing Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk, Shaplen writes that "his innate sense of showmanship and his graciousness as a host make his sporadic unveilings of the country seem like Happenings." Generally, as befits a man who has studied a depressing scene for more than 20 years, he is cautious, measured in his judgments, rarely hortatory. He does make hard and clear, however, what he regards as a notable danger. Rudely stated, it is that the U.S., which will probably fail to gain the exact ends it seeks in Viet Nam, may pull out of Asia entirely after the end of the war.

The urge to do so is great, and will grow greater still. Such a policy is encouraged by fatigue and political recrimination at home after a war half lost. While urging that America's future role in Southeast Asia be reduced, Shaplen suggests that it will nonetheless be necessary. "If we become too preoccupied with our *mea culpa*s, as we have shown an alarming tendency to do," he concludes, "we will do further injury to ourselves and probably to others."

Sit-In on Olympus

THE IMMORTALIST by Alan Harrington. 324 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

The thesis of this protest-placard of a book is that the time has come for man to stop tugging his forelock before the nonexistent authorities of the universe and openly admit that he will not settle for anything less than divine everlasting life.

Why not? The borders between science and science-fiction grow steadily less precise. Biophysics and medical engineering, as Alan Harrington notes, have begun to grope for the secrets of extending life. Organ transplants and artificial parts are already promising realities. The author also cites such wildly remote possibilities as quick-freezing incurables until cures can be found, administering rejuvenating shots of DNA and even duplicating an entire human body from genetically coded snippets. To exclamations that immortality achieved by such means is an impossible dream or a presumptuous nightmare, Harrington asserts that man is capable of anything.

From this stupendously optimistic point of view, immortality is not a fringe benefit but a gut issue. Death, says Harrington, is an unacceptable imposition on the human race. Having already invoked science to support his faith, Harrington lays hands on human irrational-

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ALAN HARRINGTON
Flexible alloy of Mao and Peale

ality and violence for the same purpose. Fear of extinction, he suggests, combined with the frustrated lust for eternal life, underlies the disturbed behavior that threatens humanity with madness and self-destruction. Had men only "world enough and time," he argues, they could explore the endless varieties of love, work and play. The resulting fulfilled, relaxed race would be safe from itself once and for all.

Seen as sequential argument, *The Immortalist* should stand or fall on the basis of such evidence. But because it is presented more as a loosely buttressed personal obsession, it is not obliged either to stand or fall. Instead, the book's thesis simply sways provocatively to the ritual accompaniment of Harrington's prose—a flexible alloy of Mao-revolutionary and Norman Vincent Peale-inspirational.

As the power of religion fades, moral values disappear into the formless, indiscriminate carp-mouth of technological progress. Inevitably, old spiritual terrain is left unprotected. Pseudo philosophers, crypto-religionists, pyrotechnical polemicists (all fuse and no bang) are bound to move in. The key question for all religions is how to cope with and justify the control over man of a universe that appears to be spectacularly indifferent. Death is the most conspicuous example of such control.

This is why Shaw asserted that the one thing all intelligent men are interested in is religion. This is why Harrington, a novelist and social critic (*Life in the Crystal Palace*), claims attention. Presenting Immortalism as the new salvation, he is at his most provocative when he evaluates the forces that play upon humanity.

Like Nietzsche, he regards as crippling devices all faiths that encourage human adjustment to mortality by sep-



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But our reason here is not to talk about the technicalities of the Apollo project. Rather, it is simply to ask you to think, for at least one brief moment, about the men and women who have applied their heads and their hearts and their hands—and a good many years of their lives—to putting a man on the moon.

Many of these people have worked for less money than they could have made in other places, and it is safe to say they have worked through more nights and weekends and lunch and dinner hours than they would have anywhere else.

And the astronauts, the brave men who will fly again down that long, dark and dustless corridor of space, this time to set foot—to walk upon the surface of the moon—they know the price that's often paid in setting out for lands uncharted. They know the price their fathers' grandfathers paid just to walk across the wilderness of America for the first fifty years.

For a long time now, we have been involved with the people who are the thinkers and the designers and the builders and the pilots of America's man-to-the-moon dream, of America's man-to-the-moon determination. We have worked with them, eaten with them, lived with them.

Yet our appreciation and admiration for them continues to grow each day—for their energy, for their imagination, their confidence, for their patience, their resourcefulness, for their courage.

We ask you, in the days ahead as we wait for the big one to begin, to understand this fantastic feat for what it is and to put it in proper perspective, a triumph of man, of individuals, of truly great human beings. For our touchdown on the moon will not be the product of magic, but the gift of men.

In James A. Michener's novel, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," an American admiral stands on the deck of his carrier early one morning and ponders the subject of his brave men. And thinking to himself, he asks a question of the wind which we believe all of us should ask as we think of the men who will finally make it to the moon and of the men who got them there: "Why is America lucky enough to have such men? ... Where did we get such men?"



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arating the indestructible spirit from the bone and gristle of being. Such factors, he believes, separate man from natural pride in his fleshly individuality, humbling him and cutting him off from his true spiritual condition—what Harrington calls a "state of Permanent Revolution against Imaginary Gods." The Devil, it follows, far from being the embodiment of evil, is man's healthiest prototypical projection of his own radical intention to challenge the gods—in fact, to become God. All humbling conceptions of man's relationship to the unknown, the author insists, are bad. Even the Hindu's striving for the oblivion of nirvana, he asserts, is a subtle passive-resistance ploy to achieve godhood.

In the arts, Harrington condemns classical tragedy. It is "one of the most pernicious notions ever to occur to mankind," he writes, because it "perpetuates the superstitious conviction that *hubris* must be punished." For Harrington, pride is everything. All forms of upmanship are ambitious strategies. By diminishing others around him, the individual moves a notch toward divinity himself.

Whether Harrington's hotly held boot-strap faith in salvation through medical engineering is conceived as atheistic Immortalism or accommodated under the umbrella of God's will is a matter of choice. Even world-weary skeptics, though, should find comfort in the vision of a future in which man's most fitting epitaph will be "Enough Is Enough."

Caliban and Crusoe II

FRIDAY by Michel Tournier (translated by Norman Denny). 235 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95.

There is a fine Gallic impudence to the notion: take *Robinson Crusoe*, that age-of-reason parable of Western civilization's triumph over rude nature, and turn it upside down. In this position Crusoe's diligence, rationality, racial pride and Christian ethics—the very qualities that in Defoe's handling ensured Crusoe's survival—get lost while Crusoe accepts the "primitive" values of his black manservant. Call the book *Friday* to make the irony unmistakable. So much for Western civilization.

This is what French Novelist Michel Tournier has done. The beautifully translated result, though, is far more than a Cartesian blueprint fleshed into creaky fiction. Like *Crusoe I*, but more elaborately in Tournier's version, *Crusoe II* shakes off dependency by creating a makeshift England, complete with fertile fields, full storehouses, a church, a fortress and an elaborate code of law and punishment with which to govern himself.

Eventually, Defoe's cannibals appear in Tournier's book, too, intending to eat a captive. *Crusoe II* frightens them off with gunpowder and English pluck, names the captive Friday, and sets about turning him into a proper British slave. He succeeds to the extent that Friday learns English and performs complicated

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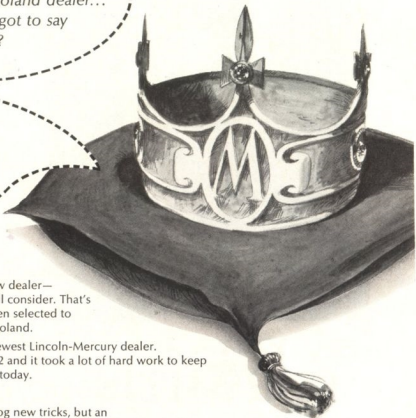
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chores. But the Negro-Indian half-caste will go no further; he refuses to be a black Englishman. Although he is tireless, he is not diligent. He is clever, but not rational. For him, the Church of England, punitive ditch digging and goatskin trousers are merely the mystifying apparatus of Crusoe's games. At last, Crusoe realizes that Friday's instincts may be more sensible than his own. He abandons his bookkeeping system of morality, adopts Friday's formless sun worship and lives in harmony with his friend and the island, which he has named *Speranza*—hope.

Thus Tournier's book may seem to be one more demonstration—and a notably self-conscious and unconvincing one—of a mercantile society's well-known and often belabored shortcomings. Tournier intended some satirical comment on civilization's defects, of course, or why else so pointedly rewrite a tract in which the Western world is praised? What gradually dawns on the surprised reader is that the author has accomplished much more. As a 20th century author, Tournier is concerned with Defoe's implicit but largely unexplored theme, the development of a mind in isolation. With a winning blend of Parisian wit and sensuousness, he concentrates not on Crusoe's conclusions but on the subjective process of reaching them.

Crusoe II is alone and traveling fast on an interior journey. Gradually abandoning rationalism as flat and absurd, he whizzes through Descartes, Locke, Freud and existentialism, all experienced not as abstractions but as personal modes of apprehending himself and the mysterious island around him. Like *Speranza*, Tournier's novel is an island, unique, self-sufficient, imaginative, well worth exploring, and with a number of minor marvels to reveal.



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